

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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ENTHRONEMENT OF THE BISHOP OF LONDON IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

I am one of the few persons who have had nothing to say about the renovation or destruction of Peterborough Cathedral, and I deserve some little credit for my reticence, because the not knowing anything whatever about it—which is my case—has been no bar to the most effusive statements on the subject. One would really have thought the question was one of those which our popular periodicals are in the habit of putting to all persons of eminence in the literary profession. "Do you think marriage an advantage?" "What sweetmeat has most pleased your childhood?" "What was the proudest moment of your life?" So many men of letters—though one would have thought it a matter for architects rather than for authors—have given their opinions as to what was to be done with that North-West Gable. The general view of people at a distance was that it was too sacred and beautiful an object to be touched; while those whose duties compelled them to pass under it pretty often were all for propping it up. Something has now happened, we are told, "during the alterations," as is the phrase where a commercial edifice is concerned, to which one can allude without getting into an altercation: a secret chamber has been discovered over the library the existence of which was previously unknown. There is something to my mind very interesting about such "finds" as these. They are not so exciting nor so repaying as "secret treasures," but they are next kin to them.

The first time I was introduced to one was when I was staying at an old house in the South Country, of which my host was very proud. It was one of the most inconvenient I am acquainted with; very airless where it was not draughty, and quite deficient in the "latest improvements" known to sanitary science. Queen Elizabeth slept there, and I hope more comfortably than I did, for I detest a feather-bed. One day as we were playing lawn tennis a fellow guest, more familiar with the house than I was, inquired where I was lodged. "In the Red Room," I said. "Those are its two windows next the library." "The Red Room," he answered, smiling, "has three windows." "You are certainly mistaken," I replied, "for the 'Red Room' is written over the door, and it has only two. Moreover, there is the book I left on the window-seat when I came down to tennis, so that there can be no doubt." "How many windows has the library?" he inquired. "Four," I said, but, though that was my impression, I now perceived on looking at them that there were five, and said so. He shook his head and laughed, "Why, you don't know your own room!" I offered to make a bet about it, but he declared that he would be robbing me, and led the way upstairs. There was my room and with but two windows, but next to where my book lay he touched something in the wainscot and a little door darted back, and there was a tiny room, almost all window, making the third on the tier outside. No one but an architect, had he been in my place, could have remarked any discrepancy between the number within and the number without. It had been a hiding-place in troublous times no doubt, and very close quarters, but certainly with plenty of light.

A much more eerie secret chamber was once discovered in an old house in Devonshire when I was in my teens. It was a barrack of a place, and, like Prospero's island, "full of noises." Some people said "rats," but they were persons who did not reside there. It was as though a whole cartload of unbespoken coals had suddenly been "delivered" down the broad oak staircase, which in the middle of the night was unaccountable. The old lord to whom the place belonged was a bachelor, and was quite used to it. "It pleases them," he would say with hideous vagueness, "and doesn't hurt me." But the heir was a quiet family man, and when he came into possession, pulled things about a bit to "get at it," as he expressed it. The workmen found a good many things I should not have liked them to find in my house, and among others quite a large room without door or window, the walls of which were reckoned to be at least two centuries old, but with a desk, writing materials, and two chairs of quite a century later. It was the presence of the comparatively modern furniture which always struck me as the weirdest feature of that discovery. Even matters supernatural should be in keeping; there should be no anachronisms; they add a new terror to the imagination. Dickens well understood that: his most eerie stories—and he has written one or two very creepy crawly ones—have been a skilful combination of horrors and commonplace circumstances very different from the old "raw head and bloody bones" incidents that sufficed to alarm our grandmothers.

There was an animated correspondence in the papers the other day respecting the propriety of applying St. Paul's observation respecting the Cretans to the present inhabitants of the island. The Turcophile writer took the same depreciatory view of them they take of the Armenians: "Perhaps they were hardly treated, but they were a rubbishy lot. Remember the Epistle to Titus; did not one of themselves, even a prophet of their own, say that the Cretans are always liars?" To which it was replied by the other side that not even a prophet could settle the character of a people for veracity, or its contrary, for ever. I was looking

in a little volume the other day, published years before the events that have evoked the recent controversy, in which the statement in question was treated from a moral point of view. It is called "A Dilemma." "If the prophet (Epimenides) was a liar (which, being a Cretan, he ought to have been), this sentiment was false to the Cretans. If he was a truthful man it was still untrue, because it proved that there *was* one Cretan (namely, himself) who was not a liar." Political controversies, however, have little to do with logic, and with some controversialists there is no weapon that comes in so handy as a text.

There has been an interesting question settled in the Law Courts—or rather half-settled, as is the lawyer's way, so that there still remains meat on its bones to come and go upon—as to how long an innkeeper is bound to keep a "traveller" of whom he wishes to get rid. In this case he was so ungallant as to desire to evict a lady who had been staying ten months with him. Why he wanted to part with her after so long a tenancy was not disclosed, to the great chagrin of the audience; but it was decided that she was a tenant, and not a "traveller," and had to accept notice to quit. It is seldom that hotel-keepers complain of their patrons staying too long. It happened to myself and a friend, however, many years ago at Clovelly. There was a delightful little inn there, as there probably is now—for there is no room for a big one—but it can hardly be in such a state of Arcadian simplicity. "I do hope," said the landlady when we entered, "that you gentlemen are not going to stay long here." You might have knocked us both down with a feather, for we were quite unaccustomed to such a welcome. "Oh, it ain't as though you were not respectable," she answered, perceiving how she had hurt our feelings, "but if you were to stay long, as we have only two beds, other folks would get tired of being turned away, and we should have the name of having no accommodation to offer." This was speeding the coming guest as though he were the parting one, but she was the landlady of the only inn in the most beautiful village in England, and could take her own way with her guests. We did stay a good long time with her, and were entertained (though not unaware) like angels. When we left, with tears in our eyes, and also in hers (dear old soul!), she said, with reference to our bill, "Let me see, now, what day was it when you two young gentlemen arrived here?" It is possible that even Clovelly has since those days become more sophisticated.

The widow who passed the latter part of her life in voyaging between this country and America has left, we read, almost her entire fortune to the crew of her favourite vessel, the *Lucania*. Ten thousand pounds of it goes to the captain, which is a record as a reward of marine civility. Let us hope that her daughter is independent of her, since she only receives two hundred pounds, an amount that probably goes to each A B seaman, which is better than salvage or even prize-money. Still, she must have been very imprudent to attempt, as is reported, to cure her mother of her favourite hobby. To argue with a person who wants to go to sea is to dispute with a lunatic. Apart from this omission the will seems to me to be commended rather than otherwise. Lord Alvanley gave his cabman a sovereign, not for taking him to a duel at Wormwood Scrubbs, but for bringing him home again; and I always feel inclined to make a handsome present to my sea captain when I find myself safe on land. Moreover, it is to the general advantage that now and then there should be a premium of this kind upon personal kindness and attention paid to travellers. Testators are too apt to forget the exceptional civilities they receive from those on whom they have no claim. One would like to hear of some wealthy season ticket-holder, who has no belongings, thus "remembering" his railway guards, who are by far the most civil and obliging, whether of our "classes" or "masses," and also quite peculiar to this country.

There has been much adverse criticism of late upon the manner and the methods in which the oath to witnesses is administered. The words are obscure, and dictated with headlong rapidity and gross irreverence by the officials; the Bible is in a filthy binding, suspected of being covered with bacteria (one expects daily that some scientist will discover a Bible microbe), and it is no wonder that so many persons prefer to kiss their thumbs instead. The confusion on the matter seems, however, to be even greater than was supposed, for one ancient lady, to whom the usual form had been put the other day, backed out of the witness-box in alarm, exclaiming that she was far too old for that kind of thing. She thought that she had been asked to kiss the usher instead of the book. This is noteworthy as a proof of the unintelligible character of the performance, and is also interesting as a time-limit to flirtation in the female sex.

The gentleman who talked prose without being aware of it ran no great risks, but to use the language of love unknowingly is likely to bring one into trouble. It is not everybody who understands that in putting a postage stamp on to an envelope he may be incurring a no less serious responsibility than declaring his affections; yet this, it seems, is the case in certain circles. A lady in the *Bazaar* writes of it as if it were as common as for crosses or blobs of sealing-wax to represent kisses in the letters

read in breach of promise cases. The language of postage stamps was, it is understood, invented in America, but has long been adopted in this country by persons of romantic disposition and limited opportunities for flirtation. The stamp upside down in the left-hand corner of the envelope signifies "I love you"; crosswise in the same corner, "My heart is another's"; straight up and down in the left-hand corner, "Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye." Upside down in the right-hand corner of the envelope, "Write no more"; in the centre at the top edge, "Yes"; in the centre of the bottom edge, "No"; the stamp placed the narrow way of it, but straight with the top in the right-hand corner, "Do you love me?" a similar position in the left-hand corner, "I hate you"; straight up and down in right-hand top corner, "I wish your friendship"; straight up and down in left-hand bottom corner, "I seek your acquaintance"; straight up and down on line of surname, "Accept my love"; the same upside down, "I am engaged"; placed narrow-wise in a line with the surname, "I long to see you"; narrow-wise in the middle at the right-hand edge, "Write immediately." Thus a hasty or clumsy (not to say an intoxicated) person might compromise himself seriously by putting on a postage-stamp askew. As an amusement it is no doubt preferable to stamp-collecting—a pursuit in the way of excitement only to be compared with the study of heraldry—but obviously full of social danger. A prudent bachelor will henceforth confine himself to postcards, where the stamp is permanent and without significance.

Where is Allier? It must be a healthy spot, and some, at least, of its inhabitants endowed with intelligence. One reads that it possesses a quartet of whist-players whose ages range from eighty to ninety-two, and aggregate to 329. There being only four shows an enormous confidence in their freedom from ailments. It is never thought safe to play at whist without a fifth man, on account of sudden indisposition, fits and so on. One would have thought, considering their patriarchal age, it would have been common prudence to elect a juvenile—some septuagenarian—as "odd man out," in case anything happened. It is something to look forward to, for almost everybody, to join such a club as this. Where is Allier? None of them wear spectacles, we are told, and of course they can hear when they are asked for trumps. The only thing that seems amiss in their proceedings is their points; these, it seems, are bottles of wine, which the winners drink on the spot. Can one fancy anything more destructive to the theories or galling to the feelings of the anti-anythingarians! Four patriarchs who play at whist for wine and drink it, and who venture to be alive and merry at an average of eighty-five years old! Smoke? Of course they smoke. After all, there is something in the aspirations of those who would be centenarians—if they live at Allier. But where is Allier?

A novelist of my acquaintance who has become domesticated was in his youth a sensational writer; his "early manner," as the painters term it, was decidedly melodramatic. He took a story to a friendly publisher (still alive, one is glad to think) and asked him his opinion of it. "Do you mean my candid opinion?" "Well, yes; I am quite aware that it is not a domestic tale." "It certainly is not; would you be offended with me if I venture to say that it reminds, or rather suggests to me a mad-house opening on a slaughter-house?" "Not at all, if you will undertake its publication." It turned out, as it deserved to do, a considerable success; and the novelist naturally inquired of his business friend what he thought of the book now. "I think," returned the other—and this shows how impossible it is for publisher and author to take the same view of things—"that its success is mainly owing to our frontispiece. The villain is being thrown down head foremost by the heroine from the top of a tower. The picture is equally striking, you see, whether it is held the right way up or upside down, and that has 'fetched' the public." "The Ugly Man" will not owe its popularity to any incidental attraction of this kind, for it is not illustrated; but popularity it should have, though it, too, is in character eccentric and in detail slightly gory. Novels which deal with commonplace folks are very well for some readers; but others, who have enough and to spare of acquaintances, like their characters in fiction a little abnormal. Here we have the Great Emerald of Cawnpore, with 5000 guineas, put, as it were, into the pool to be played for by many interesting persons, specialists and emerald-merchants, editors and journalists, burglars and receivers of stolen goods, not to mention a Nondescript, not much of a talker, but whose strength is equal to that of five men. We do not meet with people of this kind every day, and variety is charming. There is, of course, a private detective of superhuman sagacity and the highest principles. To relieve the strain which mixing with such society involves, there are two charming young couples and a very ordinary inspector of police. The plot is most exciting, though I have my doubts whether the conclusion is quite fair to the reader. It is contrary to the rule of the game of a detective story that it should be inexplicable to him, and not Sherlock Holmes himself has here sufficient data for its solution. *Nec deus intersit* (though it is by no means a *deus* in this case) is a maxim that should be respected by every novelist.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW BISHOP OF LONDON.

A large congregation thronged St. Paul's Cathedral in every part on Saturday last to witness the solemn enthronement of the Right Rev. Mandell Creighton, D.D., as Lord Bishop of London. The area beneath the great dome had been reserved for the clergy of the diocese, and within the choir Convocation was represented by the Prolocutor and five members of the Lower House. Dr. Antonios Paraschis, the Greek Archimandrite, was present with his sacristan, their robes adding a touch of picturesqueness to the group of more familiarly garbed Anglican Churchmen. At ten o'clock Dr. Creighton arrived at the great west doors of the Cathedral in his episcopal robes, though without his cope. As he entered the Cathedral he was received by the Dean, the residentiary Canons and Prebendaries, the Chancellor of the diocese, and the other officials of the Cathedral and diocese. By this body of dignitaries the new Bishop was escorted to the Consistorial Court, which now occupies the South-West Chapel. Here the Bishop of Dover, as Archdeacon of Canterbury, handed to the Clerk of the Chapter the archiepiscopal mandate for Dr. Creighton's appointment, and when the contents of this document had been read aloud by the Clerk, Dean Gregory administered the Latin oath by which a new Bishop undertakes to observe the rights and liberties and established customs of the Church. These ancient formalities accomplished, the cortège passed back again into the nave, where the great procession then formed within the western doors. The choir led the way, followed by the Apparitor of the Dean and Chapter, the clergy and officers of the diocese and Cathedral; then came the new Bishop, walking between Dean Gregory and the Archdeacon of London. Following the ecclesiastical portion of the procession came the Lord Mayor, with the Sheriffs and the City Marshal, resplendent in their robes of office. As the stately procession went along its appointed way to the choir, the hymn "Blessed City, Heavenly Salem," was sung to its Gregorian melody. When the choir had been reached and the clergy had passed to their allotted places, the Archdeacon of Canterbury led the Bishop up to his throne below the altar steps, and "caused him to sit down in it," at the same time making declaration of the new Bishop's enthronement in the English formula appointed by the service. Dr. Creighton was then escorted back to the Bishop's stall in the centre of the choir by Dean Gregory, who read a special Collect at the conclusion of a solemn "Te Deum," beautifully sung by the choir. The actual ceremony of installation was now accomplished, and the civic dignitaries left the Cathedral, followed by a portion of the congregation. A large number of worshippers remained, however, for the celebration of the Holy Communion, although only those who were about to take the oath of canonical obedience were to partake of the sacred elements. The Bishop, who had knelt before the altar during the concluding prayers of the Enthronement Service, acted as chief celebrant. When the Communion Service was ended Dr. Creighton passed back again to the Consistory Court, and there, "seated in the uppermost chair," received the promise of canonical obedience from all the officials of the Cathedral, from the Dean and Chapter down to the vergers; and thus the impressive ceremonial of episcopal enthronement was completed.

## THE AMERICAN ARBITRATION TREATY.

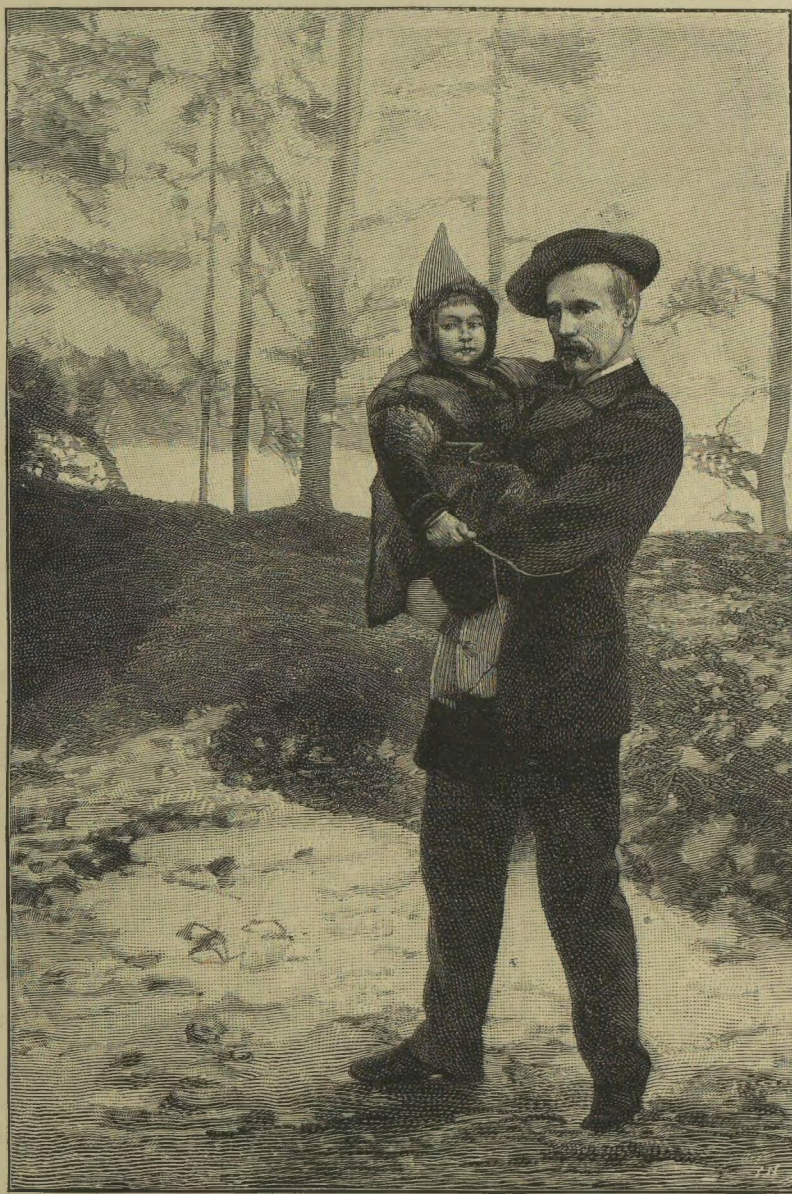
By the Constitution of the United States, any Treaty negotiated with a foreign Government by the President and the Secretary of State requires a vote of the Senate for its confirmation. The Senate, representing equally all the States of the Union, is accustomed to refer such matters to a Foreign Relations Committee. This consists of ten of its members; Senator Sherman is the present chairman. On Saturday, after a final deliberation of three hours, the Committee resolved to recommend the Senate to confirm the Treaty for settling all disputes between the United States and Great Britain by arbitration, but with two rather important amendments. The first is that of striking out the clause nominating King Oscar of Sweden and Norway as the umpire on points concerning which the joint Board of Arbitrators, consisting of three Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States and three judicial members of Her Majesty's Privy Council, may not be able to agree. The nomination of King Oscar by the arbitrators is not, however, excluded, and his Majesty has already consented to be umpire in the settlement of the dispute relating to the Venezuela frontier. The second amendment proposed by the Foreign Relations Committee is an addition to the first clause of the Treaty, providing that "no question which affects the foreign or domestic policy of either of the contracting parties, or the relations of either with any other State or Power by treaty or otherwise, shall be a subject of arbitration under this Treaty, except by special agreement." This last provision seems of rather uncertain meaning; does it signify that the "other State or Power" will have to consent to the arbitration, as well as the Government, that of Great Britain or that of the United States, with which it may have "relations"? If this be the meaning, it would obviously be within the reach of the United States Government, by establishing some kind of "relations" with every one of the South American and Central American Republics, to remove from the scope of any possible arbitration whatever affairs, such as that of the Nicaragua Ship Canal, might affect any one of those States; and the Monroe Doctrine would be confirmed to its fullest

extent, forbidding a European Power to take any steps anywise altering the situation of affairs in the Spanish and Brazilian Republics without the consent of the United States of North America. It will be much to be regretted if persistence in these amendments, and their adoption by the Senate, cause the Arbitration Treaty to be abortive, when the diplomatists by whom it has been negotiated—Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Ambassador at Washington, and Mr. Richard Olney, the American Secretary of State—have shown so much address and ability and such a candid and equitable spirit in the successful performance of their task.

## DR. NANSEN.

The public interest in the doings of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen has flagged scarcely at all since his wonderful reappearance within mortal ken last August, but now, more than ever, is he the hero of the hour by reason of his projected lecturing tours and the publication of his long promised chronicle of his thrilling adventures in Arctic regions. To-day we publish an account of the conditions under which his book has been written, together with an illustration of the *Fram* as she appeared at one of the most perilous points in her adventurous voyage.

Dr. Nansen is now in his thirty-seventh year. At nineteen he went to the University of Christiania with the intention of devoting special study to zoological research. With this end in view, he went out in a Norwegian sealing-ship in 1882 to the Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen Seas, and



DR. NANSEN AND HIS DAUGHTER, "LIV."

From a Photograph by Professor Robert Collett.

subsequently cruised off the coasts of Iceland and Greenland. On his return he was created Curator of the Natural History Museum at Bergen; and in 1888, after taking his degree as Doctor of Philosophy, embarked on his famous expedition across Greenland, which was chronicled in a volume published six years ago. After his return from that journey, he remained at home for a period in the Government appointment of Curator of the Museum of Comparative Anatomy at Christiania University. But the explorer's spirit was strong within him, and when the Norwegian Assembly voted a grant to defray the expenses of a fresh expedition to the North Pole, he eagerly accepted the command of the venture. In 1892 Dr. Nansen finished the building of the now famous *Fram*, and on July 24, 1893, he set sail with twelve companions on the long and perilous series of adventures from which he was not to return until the autumn of last year. How he then emerged from the unknown, meeting with the Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition by a wonderful chance, just as he was beginning to lose hope, has become a matter of contemporary history. And now the world, which cannot know too much of heroic endeavour, is to learn, on the great explorer's own authority, the thrilling details with which his wanderings must have teemed, till now conjectured merely.

## THE SOUTH AFRICA COMMITTEE.

On the motion of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, the House of Commons, at the end of its adjourned debate last week, resolved to appoint a Select Committee "to inquire into the origin and circumstances of the incursion into the South African Republic by an armed force, and into the administration of the British South Africa Company." The Committee

is, further, to inquire and report upon what "alterations are desirable in the government of the territories under the control of the British South Africa Company." Seventeen members of the House of Commons are to form this Select Committee, namely, the Right Hon. W. L. Jackson, M.P. for the Northern Division of Leeds, formerly Financial Secretary to the Treasury, to be the Chairman; the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain; the Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Right Hon. Sir William Hart Dyke, formerly Vice-President of the Council; Sir Richard Webster, the Attorney-General; Mr. J. L. Wharton, M.P. for the Ripon Division of Yorkshire; Mr. J. C. Bigham, Q.C., M.P. for the Exchange Division of Liverpool; Mr. C. A. Cripps, Q.C., M.P. for the Stroud Division of Gloucestershire; Mr. G. Wyndham, M.P. for Dover; the Right Hon. Sir William Harcourt; the Right Hon. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, formerly Secretary of State for War, and for Ireland; Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P. for the Tower Hamlets; Mr. J. E. Ellis, M.P. for the Rushcliffe Division of Nottinghamshire; Mr. Henry Labouchere, M.P. for Northampton, proprietor and editor of *Truth*; the Hon. E. Blake, Q.C., from Canada, M.P. for South Longford; and two others. Nine of them are supporters of the present Ministry, five or six are of the Liberal party, and two or three are Irish Nationalists. It is expected that their investigations and deliberations will include a rather wide range of subjects: the history of the British South Africa Company, its origin, the mode in which its capital was raised, and how its Charter was granted, the distribution and manipulation of its shares, the formation of subsidiary companies, the occupation of territories, the first Matabili War, the character of the Chartered Company's administration, its dispute with the Portuguese, the condition of the Transvaal, and the grievances of the Uitlanders at Johannesburg; the policy of the Colonial Office, the late revolt of the Matabili, and the present state of those territories. Mr. Cecil Rhodes is likely to be one of the first witnesses examined.

## THE BENIN EXPEDITION.

What is probably the most complete account of the Benin massacre that is forthcoming has now been received from Captain Boisragon, one of the only two Europeans who escaped from the King of Benin's deadly ambushade. In the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* Captain Boisragon has described the murderous attack, and his subsequent adventures in company with Mr. Locke. The ambush is estimated as some two hundred natives strong, who fell upon the expeditionary party about twelve or thirteen miles from Gwato. Major Copland-Crawford was shot first, and before his fellows could render him any assistance they were attacked on all sides. A desperate stand was made, but at last Captain Boisragon and Mr. Locke realised that all their comrades had fallen, and so they made off into the bush. There they wandered, wounded and starving, until they reached a settlement of friendly Ijuws, who allowed them to pass by canoe to a village named Eketi. Thence they were able to proceed down the river Benin, where they eventually hailed a Protectorate steam-launch. Captain Boisragon's narrative bears out the report of the friendly attitude of the treacherous King of Benin, who, it seems, had previously sent cordial messages to the advancing party.

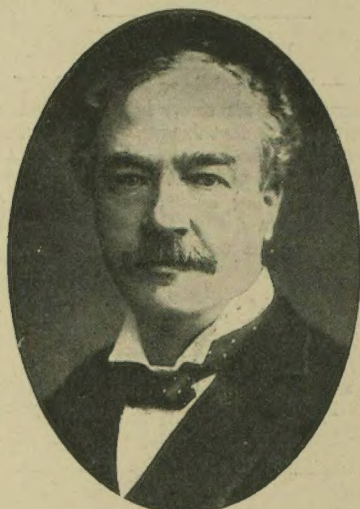
The preparations for the punitive expedition have been carried forward with all possible promptitude, and before the present month is over the King of Benin will have paid a just retribution for his savage act. In addition to the troops whose departure to the West Coast we have already chronicled, more than fourteen hundred native carriers from Sierra Leone and the district are now bound for the same destination. Consul-General Moor reached Sierra Leone on Saturday last, on board the *Bathurst*, and proceeded thence on H.M.S. *Theseus*, followed the next day by the other officers who sailed with him on the *Bathurst* from Liverpool, and remained on board that vessel.

## THE PLAGUE AT BOMBAY.

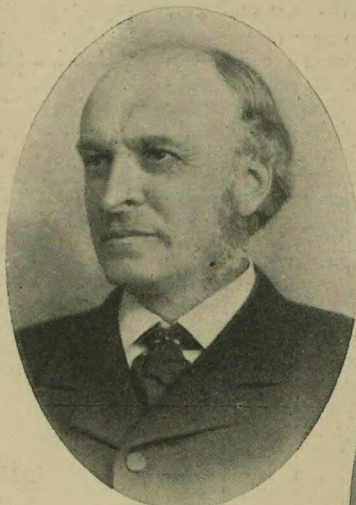
An International Medical Conference is about to be opened at Vienna, attended by official delegates from every country of Europe, and inspectors are being sent to several points along the routes of travel and traffic between Europe and India to ascertain the conditions under which the plague has broken out and the best means of preventing infection. Special Commissions have also been formed by the Governments in Russia and other countries, both of Europe and Asia, for the device and adoption of precautionary measures. In England the Local Government Board has sent three of its medical officers, Dr. Thomson, Dr. Bulstrode, and Dr. Reece, to the docks of London and the Thames, Southampton, and Bristol respectively, as was done recently at Plymouth, to instruct the local sanitary authorities and those of the ports and harbours in what should be done upon the arrival of ships bringing passengers or cargoes from India. Some officers of the Army Medical Department, as well as those of the Indian Medical Service who were on leave in England, have gone to Bombay. The International Conference at Venice will be attended by Mr. Herbert, First Secretary to the British Embassy at Rome, Dr. Thorne Thorne, Medical Officer of the Local Government Board, and Dr. Cleghorn, also of that staff, while Dr. Milton comes from Egypt, with the Under-Secretary of the Khedive's Government. Germany will probably be represented by Dr. Köhler, an eminent hygienist, who is at the head of the Imperial Board of Health, and Russia by Dr. Botkine, who is now in India.



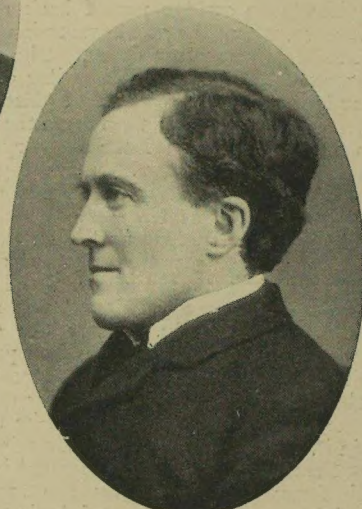
THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA SELECT COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



*Photo London Stereoscopic Co.*  
MR. W. L. JACKSON.



*Photo Mayall.*  
MR. J. E. ELLIS.



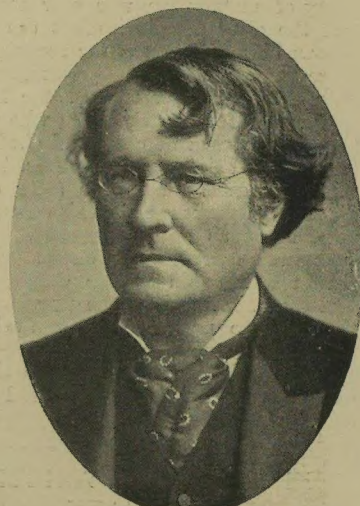
*Photo Elliott, Stroud.*  
MR. C. A. CRIPPS, Q.C.



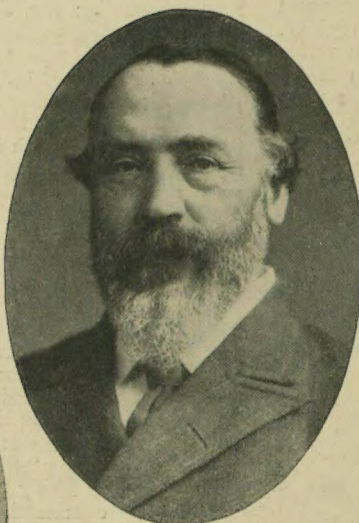
*Photo Russell.*  
SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.



*Photo Russell.*  
SIR M. HICKS-BEACH, BART.



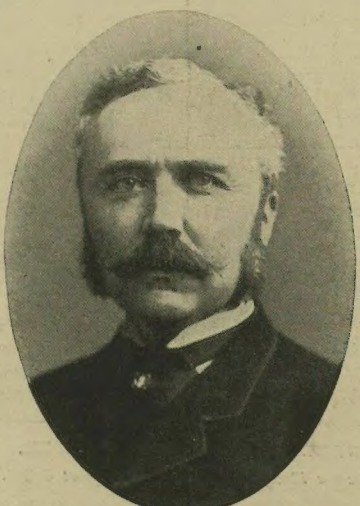
*Photo Russell.*  
THE HON. E. BLAKE, Q.C.



*Photo Elliott and Fry.*  
MR. H. LABOUCHERE.



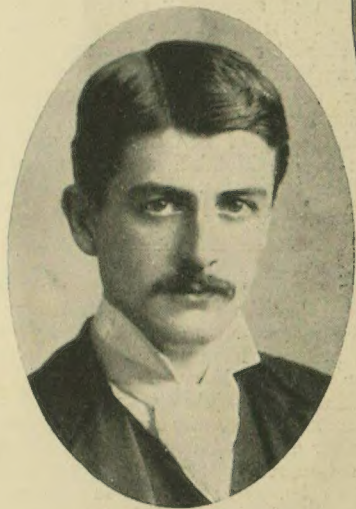
*Photo Russell.*  
MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.



*Photo Elliott and Fry.*  
SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.



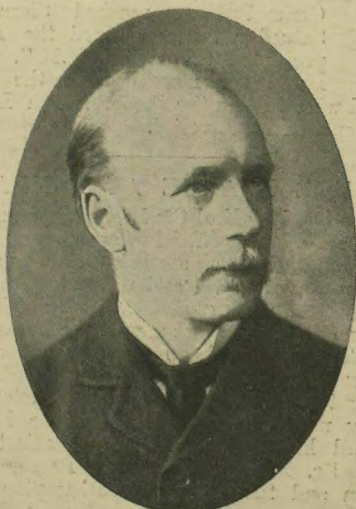
*Photo Russell.*  
MR. J. L. WHARTON.



*Photo Elliott and Fry.*  
MR. G. WYNDHAM.



*Photo Russell.*  
SIR W. HART DYKE, BART.



*Photo F. Baxend.*  
MR. SYDNEY BUXTON.

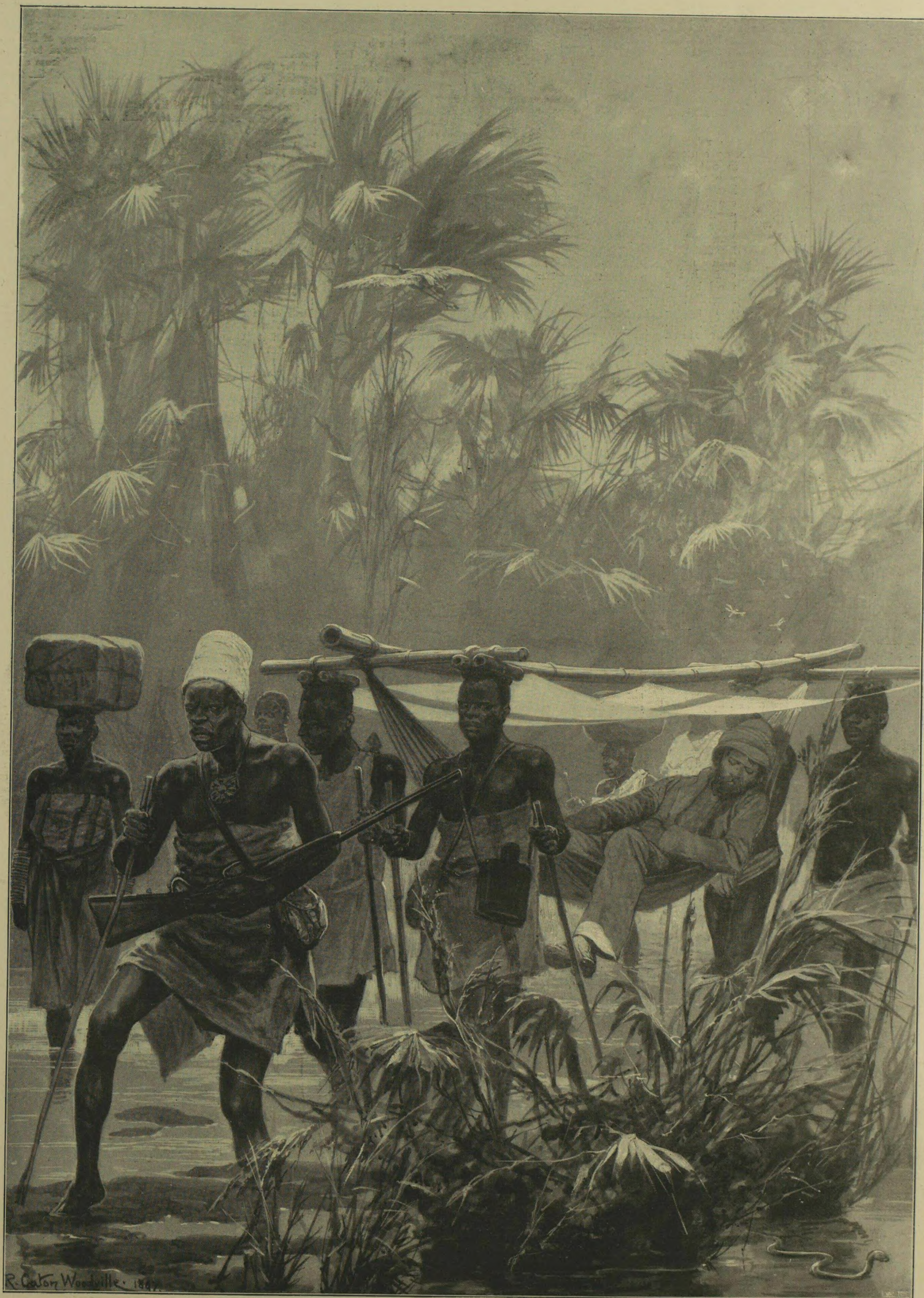


*Photo Barranda.*  
MR. J. C. BIGHAM, Q.C.



*Photo Hughes and Mullins.*  
SIR R. WEBSTER, Q.C.





THE BENIN EXPEDITION: A TRADER RETURNING TO THE COAST.



## PERSONAL.

The Mayor of Cork, a Roman Catholic, supported by the Corporation, mostly Catholic, attended the consecration of the Anglican Bishop of Killaloe. This admirable example of civic spirit excited the wrath of the Roman Catholic Dean of Cork, who denounced it as a sin against "divine and ecclesiastical laws." The sin, it seems, is to be visited with "special penalties," but what these are, beyond the indignation of the Dean, nobody seems to know. The Mayor and Corporation, by all accounts, continue tranquil, and the public business proceeds as usual. The Anglican Bishop of Killaloe will achieve the greatest credit if he succeeds in making the religious sentiment of his diocese as Christian as that of the Corporation of Cork.

Mr. Augustus Henry Eden Allhusen, who has retained Salisbury in the Unionist interest after a sharp contest,



Photo One n, Salisbury.  
MR. AUGUSTUS HENRY ALLHUSEN, M.P.

is a typical young English country gentleman, but comes of Danish stock less distantly than many of his fellow-Englishmen. His grandfather, Mr. Christian Allhusen, came over from Denmark as a young man and settled in Newcastle, where he eventually became a prominent chemical manufacturer. Having made a fortune, Mr. Christian Allhusen settled, with his English wife, at Stoke Court, Stoke Poges, Bucks, a fine estate and mansion, which now forms the country seat of his grandson, the newly returned member for Salisbury. Mr. Augustus Henry Allhusen is barely thirty years old, and was educated at Cheltenham College. He was married only last year to the younger daughter of Lady Jeune by her first husband, Colonel the Hon. J. C. Stanley. Mrs. Allhusen is thus a granddaughter of the second Lord Stanley of Alderley. The new member at one time belonged to the Bucks Yeomanry, and has already held office as a county J.P. since he succeeded his grandfather in the property seven years ago. He is now a Deputy-Lieutenant for Bucks.

Shall we adopt the *conseil de famille*? This is the French system by which the fortunes of youthful and scatter-brained millionaires are placed under the control of cool-headed relatives. In France no young man suddenly endowed with riches is allowed to impoverish himself and his family by the recklessness which runs riot among wealthy young flibbertigibbets in this country. On the other hand, tradition counts for everything. The *conseil de famille* is the growth of centuries, and cannot be grafted on our social system, which upholds individualism at all costs. The bare idea of subjecting a young prodigal to the control of his uncles and aunts, and putting him on a strict allowance, would drive Lord Wemyss and the Liberty of Property Defence League to frenzy.

Mr. Louis Sinclair, who, after a hotly contested election, has succeeded in holding the Romford Division of Essex



Photo Fail, Baker Street.  
MR. LOUIS SINCLAIR, M.P.

for the Conservatives by the heavily reduced majority of 125, became a naturalised Englishman less than a fortnight before the poll, and this fact was, naturally, paraded by his opponents. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Sinclair's pedigree is entirely English, though his parents left this country for France and became naturalised there shortly before his birth. At the death of his parents he was brought to England by a friend of his father's, from whom he ran away at seventeen, emigrating to Australia under the assumed name of Sinclair. His parental name of Schlesinger has known him no more, for as Mr. Louis Sinclair he amassed a fortune in Australia in various commercial enterprises, and on his return to England he formally retained by deed the name under which he had been led on to fortune. The new Member has considerable local interest in his constituency, for he married a daughter of Mr. Daniel De Pass, of the Barking Guano Works at Creekmouth, and is a member of the firm of De Pass and Co. In London he is known as one of the proprietors of the Maison Helbronner, the Bond Street embroidery firm. He is a nephew of Sir Samuel Montagu, M.P. for Whitechapel.

Max O'Rell is about to quit the lecture platform for the stage. He has written a farce, and proposes to take it round the country with himself in the principal character. This versatility ought to add not a little to the public stock of entertainment.

Mrs. Massingberd, who died last week, was a "strong-minded" woman in the best sense of the term, and will long be remembered not only as the founder of the Pioneer Club for Women, but as a temperance advocate and philanthropist generally of a remarkably strenuous but withal tactful personality. She was one of the Massingberds of Gunby Hall, Lincolnshire, and some thirty years ago became



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.  
THE LATE MRS. MASSINGBERD.

the wife of Mr. Edmund Langton. On the death of her father in 1887, she succeeded to the family estates, and took her maiden name again, as her grandmother, also a Langton by marriage, had previously done. It was in 1892 that Mrs. Massingberd founded the once ridiculed but now respected Pioneer Club, which to-day is recognised as one of the most active and sensible associations of secular women that modern life can show. The club began its career in Regent Street, but was soon obliged to seek a more spacious habitation in Cork Street, whence it once more removed to the former town house of Lord Hastings in Bruton Street.

Captain Walter Lyons Montgomery, who is now slowly recovering in the hospital at Salisbury from the severe wounds which he received while leading his troop at Amanda's kraal in August last, has, within a short space of time, seen much hard fighting with the Rhodesia Field Force, having been six times in action in the recent war, and having had three exceptionally narrow escapes from death at the rebels' hands in the operations against Amanda's kraal. Captain Montgomery, who had only a month previously been promoted to the command of a troop with the divisions of the Salisbury Column, led an attack on the enemy's flank with conspicuous success. The fugitives took refuge in caves and fissures, and Captain Montgomery had a very narrow escape. He was fired at from a cave and wounded in the head, the bullet furrowing his scalp and laying bare the skull. He was carried out of action by his men, and at first his life was despaired of, but under the careful treatment of Dr. Wyllie he is progressing favourably, though the effects of the wound at first brought on partial paralysis of the body. Captain Montgomery is the youngest son of the late Mr. Hugh Lyons Montgomery, of Belhavel, county Leitrim, Ireland, who represented his county in the House of Commons from 1852 to 1860.



Photo James Brown, Manchester.  
CAPTAIN WALTER LYONS MONTGOMERY.

The Army has lost a distinguished veteran by the death of General Sir Robert Phayre, which took place on Jan. 29. Sir Robert was born in 1820, and entered the Army nearly sixty years ago. In the course of his long career he saw a good deal of active service. He was with the field forces in Sind and Afghanistan for five years from 1840, and had command of a troop of the Poona Irregular Horse at Kotra. After the battle of Miani, in which he was badly wounded, he received the medal. Ten years later he was appointed Quartermaster-General to the Army in Bombay, and held the same office with the Abyssinian pioneer force in 1867, when he undertook the reconnoitring of the Magdala stronghold. His services in this campaign won him the dignity of C.B. and the appointment to be Aide-de-Camp to her Majesty.



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.  
THE LATE GENERAL SIR ROBERT PHAYRE, G.C.B.

After spending some four years in command of the Sind Frontier Force Sir Robert was made British Resident at Baroda, where he provoked somewhat of a sensation by charges which he proved against the misgovernment of the Gaikwar. Once more in military harness, he commanded the Reserve in the Afghan War of 1879, and helped to relieve Kandahar, earning by his conduct at that period the thanks of the Government and the dignity of K.C.B. Commands in India were subsequently entrusted to him; but for the last ten years he had been retired from active service. He was promoted to the Grand Cross of the Bath three years ago.

Surgery has lost one of its most conspicuous ornaments by the death of Sir Spencer Wells. A native of Dublin, this eminent man became one of the Honorary Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons at the age of twenty-six. He was Chief Surgeon of the auxiliary hospitals at Smyrna and Renkioi in the Crimean War; but it was not till his return to England that he began the practice which made him famous. His special branch was ovariectomy, and it is justly claimed for him that he was one of the greatest benefactors women have ever known. He published several volumes on this subject, and he also devoted much research and skill to the diagnosis and treatment of tumours. In 1883 Sir Spencer Wells was President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and delivered the Hunterian oration in the same year. Foreign medical societies united to do him honour, and in 1883 he was created a Baronet in recognition of his "services to humanity."



Photo Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE SIR SPENCER WELLS.

Sir George Trevelyan announces his retirement from the representation of the Bridgeton Division of Glasgow on the ground of failing health. Thus ends an interesting and chequered political career after thirty years of public life. Sir George first became conspicuous in politics by his persistent advocacy of the extension of household suffrage to the counties. His official experience is chiefly associated with Ireland. He was Irish Secretary during the troublous times which were darkened by the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, and though one of the most amiable of men, he was attacked by the Irish party with almost incredible bitterness. In 1886 Sir George left Mr. Gladstone on the question of Home Rule, but was reconciled to that policy in the following year. During the last ten years, however, he has not taken any striking part in political controversy. Always a lover of letters, and a writer of real originality and distinction, he is now able to devote his leisure to his favourite pursuits. His best known work is the biography of his uncle, Lord Macaulay, and he has written a preliminary sketch of Charles James Fox, which we hope will now be supplemented by a complete life of that statesman.

The death of Dr. Alexander Profeit, the Commissioner on her Majesty's Balmoral estates, removes another of those sturdy Scots with whom the Queen has been wont to surround herself. Born sixty-three years ago on a farm at Towie, Aberdeenshire, he was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, and became a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh. He started practice in the parish of Tarland, in his native county, where he became acquainted with Dr. Robertson, who was the Commissioner of the Balmoral estates, and through his influence he became Medical Officer at Balmoral, and eventually succeeded to the Commissionership. Reared as he had been on a farm, Dr. Profeit was a keen agriculturist, and he set about founding a herd of Aberdeen Angus black cattle which made the Queen's name famous in the show-ring. Latterly he had taken to breeding hackneys. His eldest son, who edited the famous Crathie Church Bazaar Book, has just been appointed Vice-Consul at Soulina, Roumania.



Photo Morgan, Aberdeen.  
THE LATE DR. PROFEIT.

A Board of Trade report offers a blank contradiction to the statements in a well-known work entitled "Made in Germany." The main position in that book is that Germany is driving us out of our own markets. The Board of Trade affirms that "we are increasing our market in Germany more rapidly than Germany is increasing her market here." The growth of our exports and imports is double that of our chief competitor's exports and imports.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, was visited on Jan. 27 by Princess Louise and her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, who stayed to the next day. The Marquis of Lansdowne, the Secretary of State for War, and Lord William Cecil were at Osborne on Friday. Princess Beatrice visited the Royal Isle of Wight Infirmary and County Hospital. Her Royal Highness has also presided at a local meeting for the relief of the Indian famine.

The Empress Frederick of Germany, Princess Royal of Great Britain, arrived on Saturday afternoon from Flushing, by the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, at Cowes, on a visit, which will be prolonged several weeks, to the Queen, her mother, at Osborne.

The Prince of Wales this week returned to London, and dined on Wednesday with a party of American and other special guests, and with Lord Salisbury, invited to meet him at the residence of the Hon. T. F. Bayard, Ambassador of the United States.

The Duchess of Fife, accompanied by her husband, on Friday opened the new out-patients' department of the Sussex County Hospital at Brighton.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster opened the Exhibition of the Chester Guild of Arts and Crafts on Friday.

On Saturday the Lord Mayor of London, at the Mansion House, presided over the distribution of trophies, medals, and other prizes to members of the City of London swimming and life-saving and athletic societies.

On Monday, at Guildhall, the Duchess of Teck presented prizes to the 24th Middlesex (Post Office) Volunteers. At the United Service Institution the Duke of Connaught presided over a meeting of the Yeomanry and Volunteers' Field Practice Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, with their host at Cannes, Lord Rendel arrived there on Saturday afternoon.

The bye-elections have not made any difference in the actual strength of parties. At Salisbury Mr. Allhusen retained the seat for the Government with a somewhat reduced majority. Forfar remains Radical, Captain Sinclair having increased the majority from 441 to 458. The surprise of the elections is Romford, where the Conservative majority of 1828 has dropped to 125. The Tory poll was 8156, only a hundred less than in 1895, while the Radical poll increased from 6429 to 8031.

A convention of Irish landowners, held at Dublin last week, the Marquis of Londonderry in the chair, passed resolutions complaining of the undue reduction of rents under the Government legislation of late years, and demanding a commission of judicial inquiry. A report of a committee on the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland was adopted, contending for some relief to Irish tax-payers.

The Navy League held its second annual meeting, the

Viceroy telegraphed that there were over two millions of destitute people on the Government relief lists.

At a dinner of the Birmingham jewellers and silversmiths' trade on Saturday evening, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain made a speech, referring to the position of the Ministry and of the Unionist party, but dealing more fully with foreign and colonial affairs; the diplomatic negotiations about Turkey, the Arbitration treaty with



FRANZ SCHUBERT.

America, and the promise that the British colonies will be officially represented in the celebration of the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign.

German competition with British trade and manufactures was again spoken of, at the annual dinner of the Wolverhampton Chamber of Commerce, by the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, President of the Board of Trade. He said that the report of Sir Courtenay Boyle's recent inquiry would show there was nothing to justify our feelings of alarm. Taking the last five years for a period, and comparing it with the five years preceding, our imports from Germany had decreased £700,000, while our exports to Germany had increased £400,000, and this increase for the last two years was 25 per cent. Our manufacturers should brace up their minds to more active and intelligent operations. The home trade would be much benefited, he hoped, by the construction of light and cheap railways, over three hundred miles of which had been submitted to official approval.

Continental politics have been quiescent. The new Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Muravieff, was at Paris on Friday, and conferred with President Faure and M. Hanotaux. He went on to Berlin, where he had conversations with Prince Hohenlohe, the Chancellor of the German Empire, and Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and proceeded to Kiel to meet the Emperor William II.

on Monday, afterwards continuing his journey to St. Petersburg.

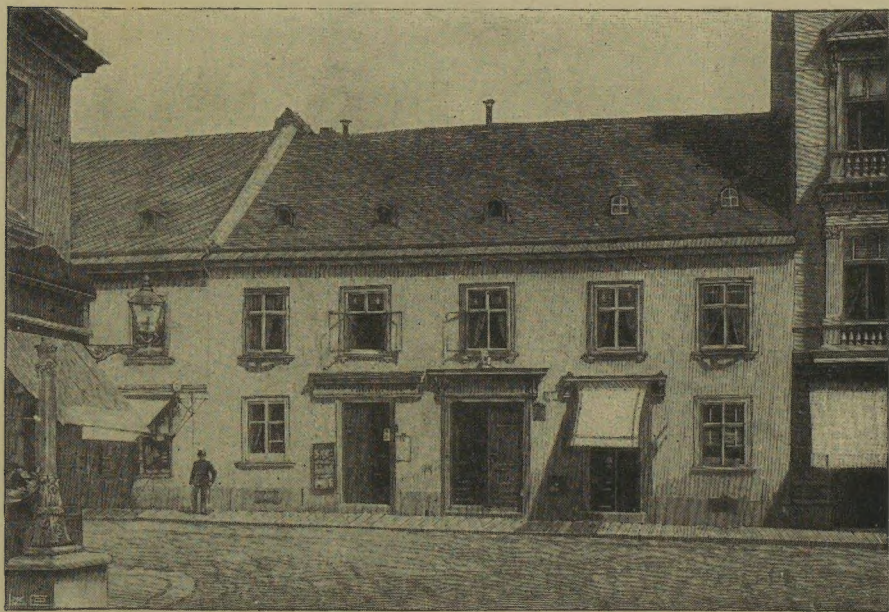
The conference of the Ambassadors at Constantinople upon the proposals of reforms in the Turkish Empire, and upon the mode of enforcing them, are expected to close on Feb. 6, but the Sultan's reply may be deferred until after the Mohammedan festival of the Ramadan.

The Venezuela boundary arbitration treaty was signed at Washington, on Tuesday, by Sir Julian Pauncefote and Señor Andrade, the Venezuela Minister. The British arbitrators nominated are Lord Herschell and Mr. Justice Collins. On behalf of Venezuela, the arbitrators are Chief Justice Fuller and Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court.

## THE SCHUBERT CENTENARY.

On Jan. 31, 1797, Franz Peter Schubert was born in Vienna, the youngest of fourteen children, the son of a schoolmaster and a cook. He lived thirty-one years nine months and nineteen days, and died in his native town. His life was practically one of uniform misfortune; at his death such work of his as had been produced had made absolutely no impression upon the mass of his contemporaries. Schumann, indeed, a lad of eighteen, wept to hear the news of his death, and, according to Sir George Grove, "Mendelssohn doubtless fully estimated his loss." Otherwise, there is nothing to show that his end was mourned with any but an ordinarily domestic grief. He had, indeed, had certain small successes. A few of his songs had become known within the limits of a private circle, and it is certain that at least one public concert in his lifetime contained extracts from his work. That was his life's sole success. Then he died.

The romance of Schubert's life, however, began with his death. "A deep shade of suspicion," wrote the critic of an influential journal in 1839, "is beginning to be cast over the authenticity of posthumous compositions. All Paris has been in a state of amazement at the posthumous diligence of the song-writer F. Schubert, who, while one would think that his ashes repose in peace in Vienna, is still eternally writing new songs." For the critic, naturally enough, had missed the romance of Schubert's life. He knew nothing of that persistent energy, that amazing hopefulness, that artistic sincerity which supported the musician as he "heaped one silent score upon another." He knew nothing of that priceless treasure, the file of "old music, valued 8s. 6d.," which had dropped from Schubert's hands as he went through life, and was being preserved so jealously, less possibly as works of art than as precious relics, by his brother Ferdinand. And so the romance began; and while the poor remains were wasting in the Viennese cemetery, year after year the living works came forth to the world as though a living brain were directing their composition. Never before was such artistic reserve. On the very day of Schubert's funeral four of his songs were issued, and from that day onward there was year by year, for the period of a man's average lifetime, an intermittent issue of his works. To quote Sir George Grove's category, "songs, masses, part-songs, operas, chamber-music, pianoforte sonatas, impromptus, fantasias, duets, trios, quartets, quintet, octet, symphonies, overtures, entr'actes, and ballet-music" streamed in due order from the press or were "heard in manuscript." His artistic friendships, too—if the paradox may be allowed—came to him after death. Schumann visited his manuscripts, and carried away with him what was Schubert's daily conversation; and Liszt, genuine artist and great critic as he was, made that cause

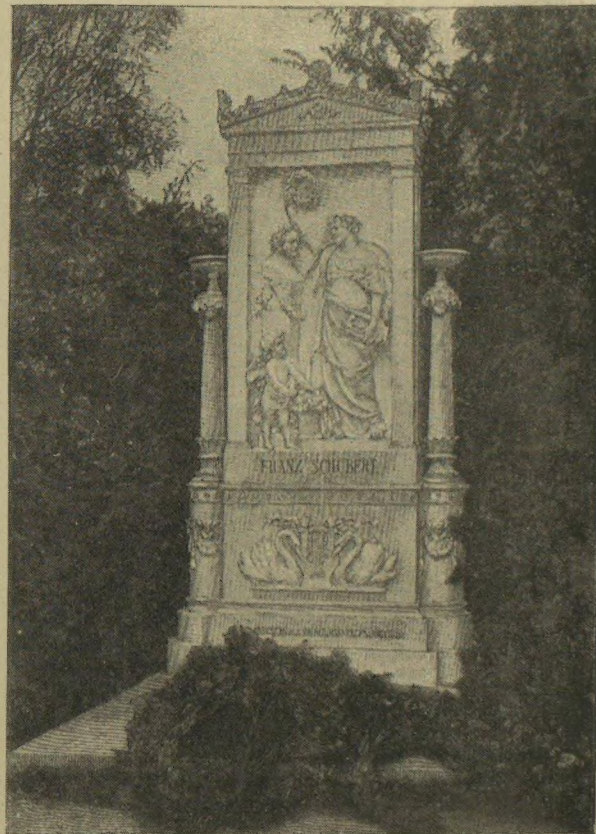


THE SCHUBERT CENTENARY: FRANZ SCHUBERT'S BIRTHPLACE, VIENNA.

Marquis of Drogheda presiding, on Jan. 28, at the United Service Institute; a letter from Lord Charles Beresford was read, and resolutions were passed calling for an increase of the fleet and a large additional number of officers and seamen.

Correspondence since Sept. 30 between the Board of Trade and Lord Penrhyn and the North Wales Quarrymen's Union, concerning the strike at his Lordship's slate quarries at Bethesda, Carnarvonshire, and his objection to the proposed official mediation in that dispute, has been laid before Parliament.

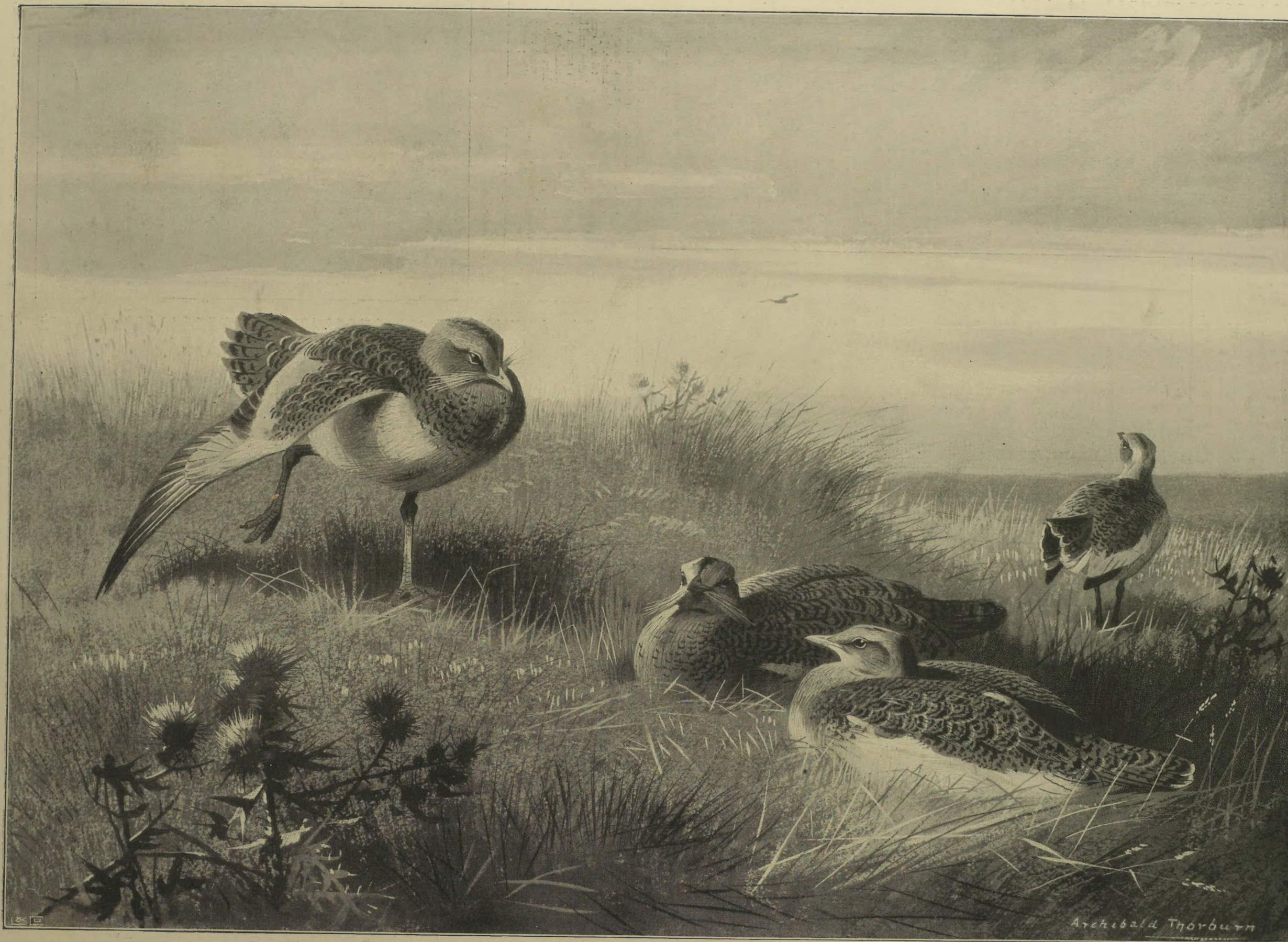
The Indian Famine Relief Fund subscribed at the Mansion House amounted on Tuesday to above £200,000, of which the Lord Mayor has sent £150,000 to India. The



THE SCHUBERT CENTENARY: THE COMPOSER'S TOMB AT VIENNA.

his own. And among the great composer's younger friends must be reckoned Sir George Grove and Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose Schubert discoveries—their personal acquaintance with the artist—is a matter of history. "My name is writ in water," said the dying Keats. "Here, here is the end," said Schubert, turning his face to the wall. But the poet's monument is more lasting than brass; and the wall of the Vienna death-chamber has given place to the limits of the earth.





BUSTARDS AT SUNRISE.

By Archibald Thorburn.



# A FOUNTAIN SEALED

BY

SIR WALTER BESANT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. BURGESS.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CHRISTENING OF A CONVERT.

Every history is like a journey: there are long stretches of road, dusty or muddy, with joltings and jostlings in the deep ruts: then come periods of rest, of smooth road, of pleasant company. One such

moment of rest and refreshment I would note here, if only to show the natural piety of heart which distinguished my lover, whom I must still call, as his brother called him, Sir George Le Breton.

I write these words in my summer-house: there are two windows in it: one of them looks upon the valley of the Lea. I can see the barges towed up and down the river: it is a broad flat valley, a marsh in winter, a meadow in summer: day after day, year after year, I sit and gaze across this expanse broken only by the meandering stream. Beyond it are the low hills of Essex. As this landscape, so is my life: it is the stream which always goes on towards the end: and there is no change in it: nothing happens.

The other window looks upon my garden—a brave garden full of fruit and flowers. The garden speaks to me daily. It says—I gave it to you—I who loved you well—yet not as he—the other—loved you. Do not forget either of us—this garden is so full of fruits and flowers because it is a garden of Love. When you walk in it: when you look upon it: remember.

As if I could ever forget! The days pass: the nights pass: the suns rise and set: I desire nothing: I expect nothing: I hope nothing: I have no friends: I live only in the past: I do not wish to die because the memory of the past is precious and I would not lose it: I console myself concerning inevitable death with thinking that we shall preserve the memories of the past. There was once a poet who wrote that there is no greater misery than the memory of past joys. No, no, no: that is not so. I would not for all the world part with the memory of my past joys. They make my life happy; they give me pride: even though, I know, the people at church whisper that this is the lady who was once—What does it matter what they whisper? Alas! A woman's heart rules her in everything, even in religion. Sometimes when I read Paul's promises concerning the future life—where he tells us—this great consoler—that eye hath not seen, nor can man's mind understand, the glories, the joys, that await us in the other world, I, being only a humble and unlettered woman, feel that unless one person is there with me, I shall be insensible to those joys. Again, since all human delights, all the joys and pleasures and ecstasies of which we can form any conception (being limited by what we can see and understand here) have their roots in corruption, but soar high as the highest human nature can allow: we may understand how out of the basest desires may spring the highest spiritual gifts: and since of all sources of human happiness love is the first, the most copious, the most satisfying, it is therefore the counterpart of the supreme joys, whatever they may be, of Heaven. In which case, my lover will come back to me. There, at least, will be no talk of rank and birth and barriers of love. For I was his first: I was his first: before the Other came across the seas.

By this time there was no doubt possible. He came every evening, sometimes in the morning: he gazed in my face with such love as one could hardly believe. What was it that he saw in my face? Indeed, I know not why a man should be so overcome by a woman's face. I knew very well by this time that he was of high rank: I understood what he meant when once he spoke of the story about Lord Burleigh and the village maid, saying that he was wrong to take her to his great castle, but should have left her in her native village or placed her somewhere in a cottage surrounded

by flowers and orchards, where she would be happy in her own way, and where he could find rest from the cares of rank and station. And to this story he often returned. As for things that have been suspected, no one, I am sure, who reads this history will continue to believe them. Never—never—never could this noble soul stoop to anything disgraceful. How could I respect him otherwise? How could I, otherwise, think him worthy the love and respect which still I bear towards him?

It was at this time, and in consequence of his desire, that I was baptized and received into the Church of England.

It was a desire very greatly at his heart. He urged the cause of the Church with singular spirit and full conviction. It was the ancient Church of Christ purged from corruption: it taught nothing but what the Bible sanctions and commands: it has its organised authority, as the early Church had, with bishops, and priests, and deacons: the ancient sacraments: the ancient forms of prayer. He showed me that the Church was the mother of a great number of divines, scholars, and philosophers. Further, that my own poor sect was founded by simple men who were governed by the letter—and that an uncertain letter, because they knew not the ancient languages.

"One thing only," he said to my cousin, "is lacking in this sweet girl—she is still a schismatic."

"I think that she will never return to the Society again."

"Yet she is not baptized. Nancy, the Church awaits thee—she waits with open arms."

In a word, I repaired to the Rector of St. James's, Piccadilly, and laid my case before him. This excellent man was so good as to devote some time to my instruction in the doctrines of the Church, showing me at the same time how they rest upon the solid Rock of the Word.

When I fully understood the meaning of the things which are prohibited by the Society of Friends—as the efficacy of the sacraments: the baptism of infants: the kneeling posture: the chanting and singing: the litanies and forms of prayer: the declaration of abso-

lution: and so forth—when I had learned the Catechism and read the Articles (which my tutor kindly allowed me to accept unquestioned), I was baptized.

The ceremony took place after the Second Lesson of Evening Prayer. My cousin



At the doors of the church, after the baptism; Sir George met us.



appeared as my godmother, to present me at the font: very few people were present: Sir George stood retired under the gallery, where he could see, but was not observed.

Thus, consenting at first to receive instruction out of a desire to please my lover, I found myself a daughter—I hope a true and loyal daughter—to a Church which includes in its illustrious company of children an infinite number of scholars and divines, poets and philosophers, statesmen and soldiers, martyrs and confessors.

When the awful service was over and my vows were pronounced, my soul was filled with solemn thoughts. I felt myself regenerate, in a sense which would never be admitted by my brother: I was lifted out of a barn, so to speak, into a palace: out of a fold surrounded by wolves into meadows safely guarded.

At the doors of the church, after the baptism, Sir George met us.

"We are now," he whispered "of the same faith and of the same mind. What I believe, you believe: what I think, you think. I am now completely happy." Not one word of love had yet been pronounced. Yet I, like him, was now completely happy.

This day is one of those which mark the course of the journey. It can never be forgotten. My heart is full when I think of it. For the first time in my life, I understood what it was to be a member of the Christian Church: not one of a little flock apart, torn by fears and saddened by doubts, but one of the whole great company of human creatures for whom our Lord came to earth: He loved that whole great company: not one or two among them. And now those evil shadows fled from my soul: these demons of terror and doubt left me for good. I have no fear now. I am one of that great Company. My lover led me into it. I owe to him, in a sense, even my certainty of Redemption.

Two days later, in the same church, I was confirmed by the Lord Bishop of London, alone. It was at the special request of my lover that this learned prelate consented to receive me. "A gentlewoman of great piety and many virtues," the Bishop was told. "No one was present except my cousin and the verger. The doors were shut, and I received in a kind of solitude the blessing and a brief exhortation of the Bishop. The solitude, had I understood it, should have foreshadowed the solitude of my after life, with the blessing to console and comfort the lonely woman."

On the following Sunday I completed my entrance into the Church of England by communion at the Sacred Table.

## CHAPTER IX.

### KING'S FAVOURITES.

I suppose it was natural that we should feel some curiosity as to the family to which our friends belonged. They had a mother living: she was of German birth; they spoke as if she lived in London, and with her sons; their father was dead. Sir George had a country house at Kew; Edward had a younger son's portion; there was a grandfather of whom both spoke with a reverence not usual, I believe, in young men; in fact we knew, as we thought, everything about them, except the extent and the position of their estates and the history of their family. "Everybody," said my cousin, "knows about the Storeys. There is always a Storey of good repute on 'Change. In City names I am learned, and can tell you of any one, whether he belongs to a good City family or not. But for these people of rank I know nothing." Therefore we were in ignorance as to the history and position of the Le Bretons.

And yet—it was truly wonderful—everybody about us knew perfectly well the history, the position, and everything concerning that family and the two young men who belonged to it. Thus, Captain Sellenger knew: Corporal Bates knew: the Doctor knew: Robert Storey knew: what is still more wonderful, no one told us who they were: everybody, on the other hand, supposed that we knew.

As for the Doctor, his behaviour surprised me extremely, because I could not for the life of me understand what he meant. I think I have already mentioned him. He was the old man whose means of living were not apparent. He occupied the front room on the ground floor. He called himself Mynsterchamber, which, as we now know, was an assumed name. We called him Doctor, I know not why, for he did not practise. For the most part he seemed to be sitting like a spider with his door ajar, watching the people pass in and out. He had many visitors of his own: some of them he let out privately by the garden door, which opened upon the Park. Whenever my cousin and I went out or returned, he would throw open the door and stand there, a long, lean figure with a hatchet face, a cunning foxy face all wrinkles, with a pair of keen bright eyes. Then he would laugh gently and rub his hands while he passed some extravagant compliment. I expected these compliments: they amused me: one knew how foolish they were: yet they amused me. It was, "Miss Nancy will kill all the swains this morning": or "Miss Nancy, I protest, hath called up all her angelic soul into her eyes." And so on. Why; we might defend a compliment as a homage to virtue: it cannot harm a woman to be reminded that an angelic soul is much to be desired: she may then be induced to raise her own imperfect soul. Cold would be the world: it would be a world after the fashion of our Society: in which the

exact truth, and nothing more, was told. In that kind of world the Doctor would have saluted me some morning with, "Miss Nancy, I vow, doth express in her sour and peevish countenance the whole of her detestable temper." That, I am quite sure, would have made me very angry.

One morning he not only threw the door wide open and passed the usual compliment, but he invited us to enter his room. Out of curiosity to see the lodging of this mysterious person, my cousin accepted and we went in. The room was furnished most meagrely. There was a low and narrow wooden bed covered with a blanket: there was a table littered with papers: two or three common chairs: and a cupboard with shelves containing his wardrobe. There was also a large wooden box strengthened with iron. His hat, sword, and coat hung from the wall: his wig hung from another nail: he wore a white cotton nightcap tied round his head like a turban, and a long, ragged nightgown of faded silk.

"The place," he said, "is simple, as you see; yet it does very well for an old soldier."

He handed us to chairs. "I believe," he said, "that this is the first time during my residence here, of ten years, that I have been visited by a lady. What can I offer?" He went to his cupboard and brought out a bottle of curious shape and two little wine-glasses, into which he poured some liquid. "This," he said, "is a cordial made by certain monks in a place called the Grande Chartreuse. Taste it, ladies. Be not afraid: it is strong, but I have given you only a few drops." It was, indeed, the most delicious nectar that I had ever tasted, but too strong for a woman's drink. While we tasted this cordial he went on talking. "This is my humble lodging: hither come a few old friends from time to time to visit me: we exchange recollections and experiences: like all old men, we praise the days that are past. Alas! They come no more. Age has few pleasures except wine and recollections and the snuff-box." He produced his own and illustrated the remark.

He spoke with something of a foreign accent.

"You have travelled abroad, Sir?" my cousin asked.

"I have travelled over most of Europe. I have seen the Courts of Kings and the cottages of the people. I speak most of the European languages. That man cannot be said to travel who cannot speak the language of the country."

"You must have observed many interesting things?"

"The differences between peoples appear interesting at first. When one grows old, they become insignificant. All men and women in every country are the same. And their highest virtues are simply those which we teach to children."

"What teaching do you mean, Sir?"

"I mean, Madam, the elementary virtues which are, I believe, taught in your Church Catechism: Honesty, obedience, chastity, industry, loyalty—nothing more is wanted. Were these virtues actually practised in the world, there would be no poverty; no discontent; no lawyers, no prisons, no gibbets, no sermons. Nothing is wanted in spite of your Thirty-nine Articles and your libraries of theology but the simple virtues. Honesty to beget confidence and trust: obedience to preserve order and authority: chastity to preserve the dignity of women: industry to supply the world: and, above all, and before all, loyalty to keep the social machine from falling to pieces."

"Is loyalty to be put first, Doctor? To be sure, in this favoured land, we are all loyal."

He made a wry face. "All loyal, Madam?" he repeated. "All loyal? I would to Heaven we were! Loyalty, Madam, to the lawful sovereign—not to any usurper—is the first of all duties. He who is loyal is everything: he is ready at all times to spend and be spent in the service of his King. There may be a bad King, yet some time or other he dies: whatever may be said of him he fulfils—he cannot choose but fulfil—the function of a King. When he dies there comes a better. The King is the keystone to the arch: the only stone that belongs to that place. If all the world were loyal there would be no rebellions, no heresies, no false prophets, no mischievous liberties: we should all think alike, hold the same faith, and, if need be, should die alike."

He spoke earnestly, and his face lost for a moment its habitual look of cunning.

"When a man is loyal," he went on, "he will do cheerfully whatever he is bidden to do by his superiors, even if it cost him his fortune and estate: even if it ruins his children: yea, even if it orders him to carry out the basest of tasks; even if his loyalty cover him with infamy, he will dare it cheerfully. A man who is loyal will place more than his life—he will place his honour—at the disposal of his King."

"Could a King take a man's honour from him?"

"In politics and statecraft, Miss Nancy, everything may be possible—even necessary."

"Of course," said my cousin, "everybody must be loyal."

"Madam, believe me: it is the superlatively good thing. Remember all the miseries—the civil wars—brought upon this country by disloyalty. Henry the Fourth takes his cousin's place. Presently the country is red with rivers of blood. Charles the First is murdered, with more rivers of blood. James the Second is deposed, and

what end do we see to the troubles that followed that act of wickedness?"

"Nay, Sir!" My cousin opened her eyes. This was a strange theory to hear in the reign of George II.

"Loyalty remains in the country still. There are the martyrs of 1715 and those of 1745. Derwentwater's spirit yet survives—"

My cousin jumped up.

"Nancy!" she cried. "This gentleman is a Jacobite."

"Nay, nay." He spoke as one who coaxes. "What matter the opinions of an old man who can no longer fight and is not a pamphleteer? You shall have your own way and be as loyal as you like. Sit down again, and I will show you something." We sat down, and he opened his box. "You must know, ladies, that I have a poor house—in the country—a country house. Here I have certain collections—an old man likes to collect things. I have some paintings: some china; some curiosities of all kinds. Since I have been in London I have made a little collection of miniatures which will interest you, I am sure. They are portraits—real or imaginary—of lovely and celebrated ladies—not one so lovely as Miss Nancy, who will, I am sure, be the most celebrated of them all." He took out a box about a foot long and placed it on the table. It contained a large number of miniatures set in gold frames. I took them up one after the other. They were, as he said, portraits of really beautiful women.

"That portrait," he said—I was looking at one representing a girl wearing a Scotch plaid over her shoulder—"will never be given you, Miss Nancy, by the gentleman who visits you every day."

"Why not, Sir?"

"Truly, I cannot say. If you do not know, I do not. It is the portrait of Flora Macdonald, a very distinguished loyalist, who saved the life of Prince Charles Edward."

"The Young Pretender," my cousin corrected him.

"If you please—Prince or Pretender—she saved his life. The Prince has been—though there is still time for fortune to change—singularly unfortunate hitherto: misfortune dogs his steps: he is continually pursued by misfortune: yet he has had his consolation in the women whose portraits are in this box. Clementina Walkinshaw: Jenny Cameron: Lady Mackintosh: and not the least the subject of this piece, Flora Macdonald. Now Miss Nancy, I repeat, would your friends give you this picture?"

"Why should they not, Sir?"

"Indeed, I repeat, I cannot say. If you do not know I do not. Will you choose to look at the rest? They are all the favourites of Kings and Princes. See—here is Agnes Sorel, beloved of Charles the Seventh of France: here La Belle Gabrielle, mistress of Henry the Fourth of France: here is La Vallière: here Madame de Montespan: all French ladies. Here, again, are some English portraits. Fair Rosamond—but I doubt the genuineness of this portrait: Alice Ferrars: Jane Shore:—they are all sad in the eyes. I know not why, but the King's sweetheart is never happy for long. Here is Nell Gwynne—"

"Put them up—put them up, Doctor Mynsterchamber. Are these things to be shown to a young lady?" My cousin was greatly moved. The Doctor grinned, with such a meaning look that though I knew not what it meant I shivered and shook as in the presence of some evil thing.

"Come, Nancy, come," she caught me by the hand. "This is the last time, Doctor Mynsterchamber, that I shall enter your lodging. Do not dare, Sir, so much as to speak to us! Rosamond and Nell Gwynne, indeed!"

She pushed me out, very indignant. "What does the old villain mean?" she asked. "As for the French pictures I know nothing about the persons, and, I am sure, I do not desire to know anything: but the English creatures one has heard about in history. What does he mean by the loyalty of Derwentwater? My dear, the creature is a Jacobite. That is certain. And what does he mean by saying that our friends would not give us the portrait of the Scotch woman?"

## CHAPTER X.

### ROBERT STOREY.

It was somewhere about this time that Mr. Robert Storey paid me a remarkable visit. He came in the morning, when (I suppose) he knew that Isabel would probably be out with Molly and a basket, somewhere about Shepherd's Market. I was, in fact, alone, for that reason. Since the evening when he fairly ran away, frightened by the mere aspect of our visitors, he had not once called upon us. For my own part, as I did not think of him, or miss him, I asked not why he came no longer, who had before that event come so often.

This morning he was dressed in the plain brown cloth in which he served his customers and showed his books. One expected the studied respect of the counter: the self-satisfaction with which he stood before me was out of place in the workaday dress. A certain anxiety, however, was in his eyes and his salutation showed some doubt or difficulty in his mind by the omission of some of his ceremonies.

Yet he remembered, on sitting down, to thrust his right hand under his waistcoat, which is an attitude denoting authority. A suppliant, if you think of it, doth never sit upright, with his hand in his waistcoat over his heart.

"This is unexpected, Mr. Robert," I said. "The



cares of business, I believe, generally occupy your mornings."

"I have left a shopful of poets and authors soliciting, as usual, my patronage. They must wait. I come at the call of duty. Consider me, Miss Nancy, as a man who never flinches at the call of duty."

"Indeed, Sir! I am honoured, whatever the cause."

"Where ruin threatens one in whom a man takes a friendly interest, or even a warmer interest, he would be below a man were he not to obey the voice of duty. In such a case to flinch would be degrading. Vanish, safety! Welcome, danger!—so that duty points the way."

"Really, Mr. Robert! You are doubtless right. But—does the occasion justify these noble sentiments?"

"In some cases," he went on, "as in old friendship, or in blood relationship, a man has a right to intervene: in other cases, the right has been conferred upon him by circumstances: as when two persons have been lovers. The recollection of the past preserves a tender interest, and confers that right. He who hath once loved, always loves. He who hath once loved retains the right of intervention. So sacred, Miss Nancy, is the passion of love."

What do you mean, once for all, by your rights and your duty and your sacred passion of love?"

He turned very red, took his hand out of his bosom, and leaning both hands on his knees, he bent down and whispered hoarsely, though there was nobody else in the room, "Miss Nancy, I can never forget that I was first in the field."

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"First in the field. That you cannot deny."

"I do not wish to deny anything that is true. But, if you please, what field?"

"First in the field, I say: you know very well what I mean. For two months my attentions—those of a plain substantial merchant—a sober, godly citizen—pleased—until the Other came."

"Attentions! To me, Mr. Robert?" This did astonish me, because, I repeat, I had no kind of suspicion at all that he had ever paid me attentions. Speeches of a highly moral character he had made, often: but these I could not take for attentions.

"Understand me, if you please, Sir. I have never received any attentions from you, to my knowledge. You

"Nay—think—you allowed me to believe: you suffered me to flatter myself: that I was not displeasing to you."

"Displeasing? Why should you be displeasing? Besides, if you were I could not tell you so in my cousin's house."

"Then, suddenly, there appeared upon the scene—Another—one who dazzled—and I am forgotten and cast aside. This gives me, I say, the right to warn."

I was silent because what he said was quite true. I had forgotten him. Persons for whom we do not greatly care, pass out of our minds very easily. I had forgotten him. Yet as to these intentions, indeed I did not even suspect them.

"These young—gentlemen—are admitted every night: the honest merchant is turned out of doors."

"Not turned out of doors. Remember, Mr. Robert, you ran away. We do not keep you out of doors. Come back if you please."

"You know that I cannot pretend to associate with these two—persons."

"You were once, if I remember, convinced that they



"Come, Nancy, come," she caught me by the hand. "This is the last time, Dr. Mynsterchamber, that I shall enter your lodging."

He must have got this exordium off by heart: with so much dignity and roundness of phrase was it advanced: indeed, in what followed as well, he seemed like one who is saying a lesson; or like a schoolboy reciting, with studied gestures, the words of another. As for me, I understood not one word. What had Robert Storey to do with love? Why should he speak to me about the sacred passion of love? Never had I suspected, never did my cousin suspect, that the man entertained towards me any sentiment of the kind. As for myself, as you know very well, I had no thought of love from any quarter until a certain person began to occupy my heart.

"Love," he went on, grandly, "even when rejected and scorned, confers rights. To love a worthy woman—that is, a woman worthy the affection of a merchant—not only raises the woman but also the man, in whom love confirms and strengthens his former conspicuous virtues. It is a patent of nobility. Venus borrows the sword of Mars and lays it over the shoulders of the lover." He repeated the last clause, being carried away by admiration of it.

I know not how long he might have gone on with these extravagances, had I not stopped him, being out of patience.

"Pray, Sir, for Heaven's sake cease talking language fit for one of your starving authors and come to the point.

have behaved to me in no way differently than to my cousin. I am certain that Isabel has never suspected such a thing. Put it out of your thoughts, therefore, instantly and for ever. I cannot admit that you have any rights, or that I have ever heard you speak to me except as Isabel's cousin should be allowed to speak."

Perhaps I spoke more strongly than was necessary: but I confess that the claim made me angry. Robert Storey over my lover! This smug, self-satisfied man of second-hand maxims and third-rate phrases! Robert Storey ever to occupy the heart afterwards filled with—oh!

In reply he sighed heavily, joined his hands, and sat back in his chair with his eyes raised as if appealing to Heaven. "So quickly may the world corrupt! So quickly may the most transparent soul be clouded! So quickly may coquetry—heartless coquetry—grow up even in the Quaker heart!"

"Now, Mr. Robert Storey, you become rude. I assure you, once more, that I was quite unconscious of any attentions on your part."

"Alas!" he replied. "That Miss Nancy should so stoop! How can I believe such a thing? Did I not lend books? Did I not come here instead of going to my club where I am an honoured member?"

"I am sorry, Sir. I was brought up in such seclusion that I understood not what these attentions might mean,"

were highwaymen or impostors of some kind. Do you now own that you were wrong?"

"If," he replied slowly, "it will help you to return to your senses, I do own that I was wrong. They are young men, as you know, of high place. Their world is not mine. I cannot presume to sit in the same room with them."

"You also thought that they are profligates. However, that matters little. What is your present grievance?"

"They are admitted here every evening, Miss Nancy. Have you considered—has my cousin considered—the construction which the world may put upon such an intimacy?"

"We live so much out of the world that we do not hear what the world says."

"No woman can afford to disregard the character which she bears in the world. As for me, my cousin's name is also concerned. This adds to the apprehensions with which I contemplate the situation."

"It is very good of you, Mr. Robert, to caution me against the world. Meantime, I doubt if the most censorious can find anything to say against visits paid openly to two women—one of them a widow—by two brothers, who always come together."

He rose; he made as if he would speak: he checked



himself: he walked to the window and looked out: he came back and stood by the table.

"You shall hear what is said. Only the day before yesterday you passed my shop in Pall Mall, I was standing on the doorstep conversing with a customer concerning a certain person. As you passed he said to me 'Those are the ladies whom he visits.' As he spoke he turned away his head."

"Is that all? Why, it is quite true."

He groaned so unaffectedly that I did not laugh at him as I was at first inclined.

"The world will always think the worst. Oh, Miss Nancy! you know not the wickedness of the world."

"But what have we to do with the wickedness of the world? These gentlemen come not alone, if it is a sin for a man to call alone upon two ladies: I do not receive them alone, but in the company of my cousin. Believe me, Sir, they never transgress—they could not—the rules of good breeding. They are well-bred young men, with whom it is a great pleasure to converse. I am sure that they have no place in the corrupt society of which you speak—"

"That is as it may be—but why do they come? I will tell you, then, in so many words, why they come."

He sat down again and delivered himself of the suspicions which filled his soul.

"I will tell you," he repeated, "why they come. They are not highwaymen or adventurers, or impostors of any kind: you pretend not to know their rank: well, I will not know either."

"I wish to learn the truth when it pleases my friends to tell me. Besides, Mr. Robert, I could hardly believe you on this subject, after your mistake as to the highwaymen. Go on, however."

"I will begin, then. In this country"—Robert Storey always affected, as you have perceived, the preacher, or lecturer, or moral philosopher. "In this country where there exists a hierarchy, which is a word derived from the Latin meaning a ladder, there are levels in which each of us is born. To take your place on the wrong level brings misery and repentance. Those on the higher levels must not marry with those of the lower. Yet, sometimes, to the irreparable injury of the women concerned, the men of the upper levels make love to the women of the lower. They either dazzle the poor creatures with their ribbons and their gold lace; or they make promises which they never mean to perform: or one makes his society so pleasing to a woman that—poor wretch!—she cannot live without her lover, and so—and so—the rest is easy."

"The rest, Mr. Storey?" I sprang to my feet fired with indignation. "What rest, pray? What rest, I say?"

"The rest? It is what happens whenever a woman like yourself listens to a man like either of these two. There can be but one rest, Miss Nancy; there can be, I say"—he rose quietly, forgot his affectations, and spoke quite plainly straight to my face—"but one termination to such an affair as that. If no one else will warn thee, I will. What? Can you suppose that a person of that position can marry one of the trading class—can marry a Quakeress—one of that despised sect? A Quakeress? If he were to do such a thing in the heat and madness of his passion, he would have to conceal and to deny the fact. How would you endure the slights, the rudenesses, the cruelties, the suspicions which such a position would bring upon you? What friends would you have? Your own? Not so: they would not meet your husband. His friends? They would not meet you. The men would not concern themselves about you: the women would hate you. They would leave no stone unturned to make mischief between your husband and you. Nancy, you know nothing of the fine ladies of London. They come to my shop, and I listen to their talk: they regard me not. I am only a shopkeeper: a servant. They say what they please before me: what do they care about a servant's opinion about them? Their lovers call them angels, but they are fallen angels. They are as false as Belial: as cruel as Death: as vain as peacocks: their cheeks are painted: their hair once belonged to some poor, honest girl: beneath their fine clothes they are made of wood and of whalebone: they are selfish, greedy, grasping, insatiable as the daughters of the horseleech, and as pitiless as the slave-drivers of Virginia."

He spoke with so much fervour that he moved me. Yet what grounds were there for his outbreak? Nothing could be charged against our friends: neither of them had begun to make love, although I felt and understood the truth very well. As for the fine ladies, he had probably received

some affront in their behaviour to him which caused this outburst of wrath. What could he know about them?

He sat down and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. Then he composed himself once more, ashamed of his heat, and represented the man who has delivered a message or a prophecy and now smiles gently over the recollection of an effective speech.

"Mr. Storey," I replied, still standing, "I think that what you have said passes all bounds; yet I am willing to believe that you are in earnest. Understand, however, that there is no ground for this suspicion at all—none. And now, if you please, we will end the conversation."

"One word more, if you will permit. The danger exists: of that I am quite sure: my cousin Isabel ought to perceive it, and to avoid it—even by flight. My passion has perhaps betrayed me into speaking with greater heat than I had intended—pray forgive me. And now, Miss Nancy, hear me quietly on another subject. All these suspicions and whispered scandals can be avoided in one simple way—by marrying me."

He rose again, took one step forward, held out both his arms, and threw his head back in an attitude which he believed to be one of admiration or passion controlled by virtue.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK CARRINGTON.

"By marrying me," he repeated. "Miss Nancy, it is in your power to make a good man happy, not a —"

I stepped back, and took up a position which enabled me to have the table between us.

"By marrying you, Mr. Robert?"

"It is the only way. Then the voice of the world, which does not concern itself about honourable wives of sober citizens, will pour its calumny upon the name of some other woman—Isabel, perhaps. Marry me, Nancy."

"It is impossible—quite impossible."

"Nancy, when I think of that other Person playing with thy heart my own is like to burst with rage. Believe me, Nancy, I love thee. Thy image is always before my eyes, day and night. Sometimes I come at night and stand under the window here—and think with madness that those two are upstairs with Isabel and you. Nancy, I cannot bear it."

"Mr. Robert," I said, "it is impossible. Say no more. Leave me now."

"I must say what I came to say. Consider again: these friends of yours are only playing with you. For you, if not for them, it is playing with fire. For myself, I have no other desire than to make you my partner for life. You know me—I am personable: I have good manners: I come of a good family. In the trade I hold a good position. I have money saved and a reasonable income. I possess shares in many important books. As for reading, few have read more books. For religion, I am a sidesman of St. James's—"

"It is no use—oh! no use at all. Please go away and leave me."

"I shall prove a fond and loving husband."

"Mr. Robert, I could not marry you, even if these gentlemen had never come here."

He looked at me fixedly for some moments. Then he picked up his hat, which had fallen on the ground.

"Your eyes are hard, Nancy. I perceive plainly that another presence, not mine, is wanted to make them soft. I say no more for this time. Only, Nancy, when trouble comes, remember that there was a man in your own rank who once loved thee, but was driven away. When trouble comes—it must come—there is no help for it—it must come: remember that it would not have come had you taken that good man, that religious and respectable man, and embarked your money in his business."

"Thank you, Mr. Robert." I offered him my hand, but he would not take it. "If trouble comes, I will remember that the same kind of trouble would not have come with you. Believe me, Sir, I would rather have that sort of trouble without you, than any other kind with you."

So he went away, without any attitudes, quite naturally, and with his face full of rage. He loved me, in his fashion, I dare say, but how could I endure him after that Other?

This conversation for a time disquieted me. Not all of it. I cared nothing about the difference of station: if two people love each other heartily what matters difference of station? Nor did I care what he said about the women of fashion, except for the curiosity of it, and to think of the smiling, bowing shopkeeper all the time listening with both ears to the talk of these persons! No: the part which concerned me most was the statement that the time may come to every woman so courted when she can no longer live happily except in the society of the man who courts her.

Was that time already come to me?

With flushed cheek and beating heart I put the question by.

(To be continued.)

## THE RETURN OF SIR FREDERICK CARRINGTON.

The people of Cheltenham have, very appropriately, arranged sundry festivities, including a public banquet, in celebration of the return to England of Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington, who is a native and resident of the town. Since his appointment to the difficult position of Commander of the Forces in Africa in April last, Sir Frederick Carrington has earned the gratitude of his countrymen by the sound judgment and military skill with which he has met the various insurgent outbreaks which have followed the Matabili rising of last spring, and the celebration promoted by his fellow-townsmen forms a fitting tribute to the most recent of his many distinguished services in South Africa. When he took up the command, last year, Sir Frederick was no stranger to the life of the country with which he had to deal. For some twenty years his name has been prominently connected with the British forces in South Africa; and the troop which he founded in 1877 in Griqualand still bears the name of "Carrington's Horse." Two years before the founding of that corps he was hard at work in South Africa organising and commanding a troop of mounted infantry for the diamond-fields, and in the Kaffir War of 1877 he rendered notable service in the Transkei district. Two years later he took a prominent part in the Sekukuni campaign, and was again to the fore in the Basuto difficulties of 1881, and in Sir Charles Warren's Bechuanaland Expedition three years later. He commanded the Bechuanaland Border Police for five years, from 1888, and at the end of that time was promoted to the rank of Major-General, with the appointment of Military Adviser to the Governor of Cape Colony. In 1895 he was recalled to Europe to hold command of the infantry brigade at Gibraltar, but when the disturbances in Rhodesia assumed a serious aspect in the early part of last year, it was at once felt that he was the most suitable man to deal with them. Sir Frederick Carrington was born in August 1844, and received the dignity of K.C.M.G. just ten years ago.

The Palestine Exploration Fund is not in a very satisfactory condition, there being an outstanding balance of about £800. An appeal for assistance is being made by the committee, who point out that the importance of the excavations now in progress to all who take an active interest in ancient Jerusalem cannot be exaggerated.

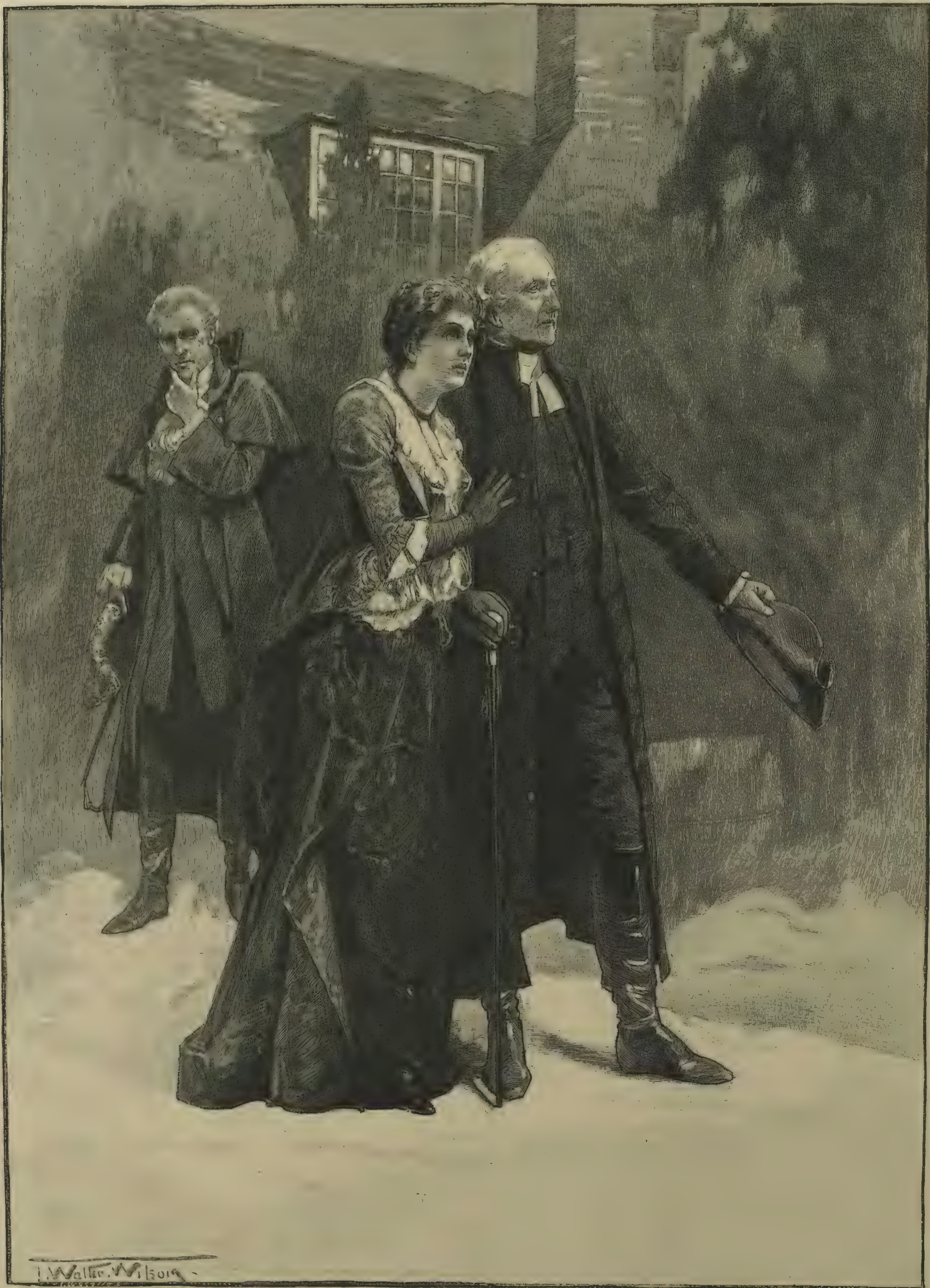




ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION:  
SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, AND MR. OLNEY, AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE, SIGNING THE TREATY.

*Drawn by S. Begg from a Sketch supplied by Harper Brothers, of New York.*





THE RETURN OF OLIVIA: THE VICAR DISMISSES SQUIRE THORNHILL.

*"Humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity, and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt!"*—THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, CHAP. XXIV.



## LITERATURE.

## MR. ANDREW LANG'S NEW BOOK.

In his new and deeply interesting volume, *Pickle the Spy, and the Incognito of Prince Charles* (Longmans), Mr. Lang displays once more his power of making the past live again at once with dramatic effectiveness and general accuracy of detail, which is familiar to the many readers of his monograph on St. Andrews and of his historical fiction, "A Monk of Eife," based on a careful study of the story of Joan of Arc. Perhaps the subject of his new work was suggested to him when writing one of those illustrative prefaces to each of the Waverley novels in his Border Edition of them, which testify to the singularly wide range of his historical and biographical knowledge. In that which he prefixed to "Redgauntlet" he dispelled a little of the deep obscurity which, in the introduction to the novel, Sir Walter Scott spoke of as shrouding much of the career of "bonnie Prince Charlie." As a result of diligent and vigilant research, prosecuted with lynx-like keenness of vision, Mr. Lang has now dissipated much of that obscurity and thrown new, but not always pleasant, light on the character and career of the "Young Pretender." Moreover, in his introduction to "Redgauntlet," Sir Walter also hinted at the existence in the last century of a spy in the confidence of the Prince and his Jacobite adherents, who betrayed his and their secrets to the Government of the Pelhams. Who that spy was Mr. Lang has now established in a literally startling way, and has unearthed many of his letters from the Newcastle MSS. in the British Museum. Interesting as is Mr. Lang's narrative of Prince Charles's adventures, incognito and otherwise, still more vivid is the interest which belongs to his identification and account of "Pickle the Spy," who borrowed his chief *alias* from Smollett's Peregrine Pickle, occasionally adopting that of Roderick Random. In 1893, some of Pickle's letters were printed in the *Scotsman*, where, however, they were attributed to James Mohr Macgregor, a son of Rob Roy. Mr. Lang cites documentary evidence to prove that this Macgregor, though not Pickle, was also a spy. He is known to the readers of R. L. Stevenson's "Catriona," and Mr. Lang adds the interesting statement that, while "unacquainted with the documents which we shall cite, Mr. Stevenson has divined James Mohr with the assured certainty of genius." The real Pickle Mr. Lang has shown with painful certainty to have been the heir, and ultimately the inheritor, of the chieftainship of the important Highland clan the Macdonnells of Glengarry, a branch of the great Scottish sept, the Macdonalds. When young Glengarry, pretending always to cling to the Jacobite cause, gave his services as a spy to the English Government, "tall, athletic, with a frank and pleasing face, Pickle could never be taken for a traitor and a spy." Only once was he suspected of treachery, by the widow of the Dr. Archibald Cameron, Lochiel's brother, whom Glengarry betrayed to the block in 1753, and who was the last Jacobite to suffer death for the cause. For years the confidant of leading Jacobites at home and abroad, and betraying their sayings and doings, with those of their Prince, persistently to the Government, Glengarry died in 1761, in secure ownership of the lands the possession of which he owed to his treachery. No sensation-novel can vie in absorbing interest with the story of "Pickle the Spy" as told by Mr. Lang.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

In her *Travels in West Africa* (Macmillan) Miss Mary Kingsley—wearer of an honoured name in English literature—has given us the brightest and sprightliest narrative of travel that has appeared for many a day. In a romping style, which disdains the trammels of a too accurate syntax, the intrepid lady carries us across the deadly mangrove swamps of the Dark Continent to its tangled forests. We are tortured by leeches and terrified by gorillas, but never by Mrs. Grundy, who may read with profit Miss Kingsley's remarks on polygamy, Hubbards (loin-cloths supplied to the sable daughters of Eve by missions), and barbaric morals generally. Heedless of perils by day and night, we eagerly press on to gather information about native manners and customs, mostly as to the absence of the one and as to the disagreeable features of the other. Miss Kingsley left England in December 1894, to renew acquaintance with Lower Guinea, and extend her journeys till she reached the summit of the great peak of the Camaroon—the Throne of Thunder. Her experiences, varied enough, had a pleasant monotony of hospitality and help from traders, and even of chivalry from cannibals. In Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone, she found Mohammedans in competition with Christian missionaries; and heat, smell, and noise in rivalry for the foremost place. Civilisation clung more or less to her skirts at Cape Coast and other settlements; and it was with relief that Miss Kingsley re-embarked, to fall in love with the wild beauty of Fernando Po, and to explore the Ogowe, a mighty stream watering Congo Français. This led her through jungle and fever-haunted swamps, and among such savage tribes as the dreaded Fans, about which cannibal folk she discourses at length, but never tediously. A generous recognition of the exploring work of forerunners pervades the book, and we gladly note added confirmation of the reports—so long distrusted—which Paul du Chaillu brought from the Gaboons some thirty-five years ago. Five chapters deal with matters the treatment of which tests a traveller's insight and discretion—namely, the ideas which lie at the back of a people's belief and customs. From this ordeal Miss Kingsley comes out well, thereby strengthening our confidence in the general soundness of

her book. She sees the great difficulty of conveying spiritual conceptions from a barbaric to a civilised tongue; she allows for the infiltration of foreign ideas and stories which reappear seemingly as indigenous; and she is sufficiently well read in modern literature to apply fact in proof or in disproof of theories. Altogether an admirable book; and, with the start of the Expedition against the King of Benin, opportune in its issue.

It is not given to man, not to Scott nor to Maurus Jókai, to write whole libraries of fiction without nodding, like the worthy Homer, occasionally. We took up *Black Diamonds* (Jarrold and Sons) eagerly, remembering the singular delight "Eyes Like the Sea" and "Timar's Two Worlds" gave us; but though we could not but read every line of it, we laid it down with a sense of disappointment. It is altogether too Titanically incredible—its personages drawn to the Victor Hugo scale and its incidents to that of Jules Verne. Its heroine, a little collier lass, who has spent her whole life up to the age of seventeen carrying coal, like a beast of burden, in the pit, suddenly blossoms into a great lady and a great prima donna, and plays these majestic parts as to the manner born. It reminds you of a conjurer's hat-trick, so different is what comes out from what went into the hat, and so sudden and startling is the transformation. Its hero is equally at home and equally sublime at the pit bottom, in a library and laboratory, in a drawing-room, on the field of honour, 'mid a conflagration, among princes, princesses, and colliers. If he has a fault, it is, perhaps, his consciousness of his own exceeding greatness and goodness. On the other hand, the scoundrels of the book are as incredibly base



Photo Rodger, St. Andrews.

## WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXII.—MR. ANDREW LANG.

The name of Mr. Andrew Lang, whose new volume, "Pickle the Spy," is reviewed in our columns to-day, is writ large in contemporary literature as that of an author of exceptionally varied accomplishment. Born at Selkirk in 1844, Mr. Lang was educated at Edinburgh, at the University of St. Andrews, and at Balliol College, Oxford, and at twenty-four became a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. In 1889 he was appointed Gifford Lecturer on Natural Religion at the University of St. Andrews. He first attracted attention as an author with a volume of graceful verse entitled "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," which was followed, in 1881, by "Ballads in Blue China." Other volumes have since been added to his poetical achievement; and in prose he has published "Myth, Ritual, and Religion," "Letters to Dead Authors," "The Monk of Eife," and other works. He has translated Theocritus, and has collaborated in prose renderings of Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey."

as its hero is noble. Surely it is not possible that even a prince or a pianist could permit himself to speak to any girl so brutally as Sondersheim and Arpad speak to the heroine? But though almost every chapter bristles with improbabilities which shock and shake your faith, and though your interest is so often transplanted from one set to another of the scenes and personages that it has little chance of taking root, yet you cannot skip a line of "Black Diamonds," or close the volume till you have finished it.

Mr. Percy White's reputation as a novelist rests on his portraits of two men, absolutely distinct from one another. In "Mr. Bailey-Martin" his sitter was a snob. In "Corruption" he painted a picture of passion playing on a man of political promise. He has now hung up a third portrait. The book is called *Andria* (Heinemann), but it should be catalogued "The Pessimist." Andria is the pessimist's wife, but as a matter of fact, as in all Mr. White's books, the woman seems to exist only to complete touches in the portrait of the man. The study of Louis Otway shows remarkable insight. It suggests, in fiction, "Middlemarch" and *Casaubon*; in real life it recalls a certain politician who is also a philosopher. Louis Otway was an ascetic by nature, and years of intellectual training in a particular Oxford groove

had resulted in "Society and Civilisation," which made the world wag. In the end, everybody except its author found it an invigorating tonic. He had been only half sure of the validity of its hypotheses when writing it. Then in the period of rest which followed he began gradually to formulate a creed directly antagonistic to it. It was in this period that he met Andria Vincent, was temporarily fascinated by her—with a certain intellectual reservation that it was not very wise to be so; that woman was just Eve and the apple over again. The poor girl, groping after a vague intellectualism, marries Otway with the intention of sharing his life in every way. But that only accentuates his growing individualism, so that he rapidly hurries on to physical and intellectual aloofness from the woman, and finally from the world, the curtain ringing down on his complete public recantation of his former creed, his utter acceptance of pessimism, his repudiation by the public, his premature death. This may strike you as a melancholy study in pathology, but Mr. White has so cleverly constructed his story on purely human lines that many people will read it in the spirit of mere romance. Thus it serves a double purpose. It is interesting; it is amusing at the same time. Like all Mr. White's books, it is very cleverly written, and, like its author, it improves as it moves forward. It ranks with Mr. Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady": it is a tragedy so subtle that many readers would fail to see the need for tears.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. C. H. St. John Hornby sends me yet another edition of FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyám" to add to my collection.

This he has printed on his own private printing press, by permission of Messrs. Macmillan, who own the copyright. There are but fifty copies of Mr. St. John Hornby's beautiful little book. Mr. Hornby has one of the only two genuine private printing presses in England, the other being the very active press of Mr. C. H. Daniel, of Worcester College, Oxford. Upon Mr. Hornby's printing press, which is called the Ashdene Press, he has already printed, among other things, the "Vita Nuova" of Dante, "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and the "Hymn on the Nativity" of Milton, and he is now printing the "Book of Ecclesiastes" in small capitals. Mr. Hornby is aided by his sister, just as Mr. Daniel is aided by his wife. It is a pleasant hobby this, and one which many bibliophiles who have their own literary enthusiasms would be glad to emulate.

The private printing press of the Rev. C. H. Daniel, Bursar of Worcester College, Oxford, is well known to book-collectors. Among the works which have first seen the light through the Daniel Press are nearly all the poems and plays of Mr. Robert Bridges, the poems of Mr. Henry Patmore, the "Lyrics and Ballads" of Mrs. Woods, Walter Pater's prose-poem "The Child in the House," and a number of Mr. Laurence Binyon's poems. Mr. Daniel's reprints of older authors include a dainty little volume of Herrick's "Flower" pieces, and an edition of Keats's Odes edited by Mr. Bridges. Mr. Daniel's enthusiasm on the subject of his press is shared by his wife, who does much of the printing with her own hands. Mrs. Daniel, by the way, contributes to the February number of the *Englishwoman* a gracefully written article on "The Beauty of Holiness."

The Omar Khayyám Club will hold its next dinner on March 25, when Lord Wolseley will be the principal guest. The club has just elected as its new members Mr. Austin Dobson, Dr. Conan Doyle, and Mr. Alfred East.

I am glad that the Booksellers' Dinner is to take place again this year. It is a pleasant function, which usually has some excitement in store for the company. One year it was Mr. Edmund Gosse, who, in the presence of several writers of fiction, referred to the "greed" of authors—a delicious set-off to the stories of the greed of publishers, concerning which we have heard so much from Sir Walter Besant's little journal. Last year it was Mr. R. B. Marston who added piquancy to the dinner by referring to the *Athenaeum* as no longer of any account for the monopoly of publishers' newsy paragraphs. The *Athenaeum* is, I believe, the favourite organ of the booksellers, however much authors may smart under its bludgeonings. Who is there that will amaze the company by speaking the blunt truth at the next dinner?

The Macmillans have just published not less than four new editions of "Westward Ho!" It was this novel, I think, which made Baron Bunsen say that Charles Kingsley might have continued Shakspeare's historical plays. The book does not, of course, justify this superlative eulogy, but that it is a very living force, made doubly so by current interest in the Navy, is indicated by the appearance of these four editions forty-two years after its first publication. One is called the People's Edition, and is issued at a shilling; another, entitled the Peacock Edition, is presented in the tasteful binding in which so many of Macmillan's illustrated books have appeared this season; a third is in the well-known "Illustrated Standard Novels" series; and the fourth is in two sumptuous volumes with illustrations by Charles E. Brock. In this last form I hope we may yet see all Charles Kingsley's novels. The copyright of "Westward Ho!" expires this year, but I cannot see that it should pay any other publisher to issue an edition in face of these four competitors.

C. K. S.





DR. NANSEN'S POLAR EXPEDITION: RELEASING THE "FRAM" FROM THE PRESSURE OF THE SURROUNDING ICE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM DR. NANSEN'S DESCRIPTION.

*As was shown in the diagram drawn by Dr. Nansen himself and reproduced in our issue of September 5, 1896, the ice-field wherein the "Fram" was imbedded rose and advanced towards the ship threatening to overwhelm her. Fortunately, the ice stopped in time, though not until it had come close up to the vessel and caused her occupants the gravest anxiety. As it was, the ice reached a good way above the bulwarks, with the result that the "Fram" was lifted up and tilted over to one side. The immediate pressure was relieved by breaking and removing some of the ice. Shortly afterwards a gap opened behind the stern of the ship, leaving her partly suspended over the water. It was then resolved to blast the part of the ice-field which held the vessel up, and accordingly a mine was laid under the ice and then exploded by electricity.*



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

In a little while, and irrespective of the success or failure of the forthcoming play at the Avenue Theatre, the whole of London will be canvassing the love story of Horatio Nelson and Emma Lyons. Of course, the authors are going to represent the latter as everything that was great, good, noble, and lovable, and to the non-educated playgoers, and, for the matter of that, to some of the educated also, the story of the infatuation of England's "great sailor" for an erstwhile servant wench—and not a creditable one at that—for a consummate adventuress, will not only possess a considerable amount of sensational attraction, but they (the playgoers), in consequence of their ignorance of Emma's ante-nuptial career, will set up for themselves and to their critical friends a justification for Nelson's madness.

Equally, of course, the thorough man of the world will get very angry with those defenders of Nelson; he will tax them with being deficient in moral sense; nay, he may call them uncomplimentary names. To listen to him one would imagine that Nelson's case was phenomenal, although a moment's reflection on his part must convince

attached to her, which attachment was fully returned, for after his premature death she retired into obscurity.

Mirabeau's wife was good-looking, fairly intelligent, and his social equal. Sophie Monnier was downright handsome, intelligent to a degree, and by her marriage belonged to the *noblesse de robe*. Mdlle. de Nehra was more beautiful than either of the former two, remarkable for her literary attainments, and sprang—though not legitimately—from as good a stock as her lover. Yet he abandoned the latter for the worthless, coarse wife of the printer Lejay. Heine, one of the greatest intellects of the century, meets at a low-class Paris ball a nondescript incapable of understanding a single line of his writings, and almost unwilling to take his greatness on trust; she has no personal attractions; yet he marries her, and is henpecked by her long before he lies practically helpless on a bed of sickness from which he is nevermore to rise.

I might go on quoting, but the most remarkable of all modern love stories (?) must suffice. At the beginning of the Directory there is a poor and almost friendless young General of Brigade, who goes one evening to one of Barras' receptions—not because he is particularly fond of gaiety or receptions, but because he wishes to enlist Madame Tallien's favour and influence in order to obtain the necessary cloth

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The best way in which Churchmen can celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of the Queen is undoubtedly by raising a Clergy Sustentation Fund. The need is great and growing, and is likely to grow. Many clergymen are working under the most serious embarrassment through their dire poverty, and it would be well if the case were fairly brought before the general body of the laity. A sum of at least half a million ought to be raised, and should be easily forthcoming.

Considerable feeling has been roused among Nonconformists by an interview published with the new Bishop of London in which Dr. Creighton seems to say that Congregationalist ministers are tending to Unitarianism. It is generally agreed that there is no foundation whatever for this belief, that the tendency is all the other way; and it may be hoped that the Bishop of London, who, it is understood, was born a Nonconformist, will take means to remove the unfortunate impression.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury made an interesting remark at Convocation when referring to his predecessor. He said, "He was a far smaller man when I knew him than he was when he died. Most people seem to me to come to an end of their powers at a very much earlier age. For the majority of men seem to me to have very little



THE MIDNIGHT SUN, HAMMERFEST.

Photo G. Hagen.

him that it was only one of a hundred in the past. But he will endeavour to find extenuating circumstances for most of those who married beneath them, and married women whom they knew to be unworthy of them. Point out to him the case of Peter the Great, and he will tell you that Peter was a barbarian. Refer to the case of Victor Emmanuel and Rosina Vercellana; he will insist that the liberator of Italy was particularly coarse in his personal tastes, and that he fell a victim to Rosina's unquestionably robust physical beauty. This may be true, but why then did Peter marry Catherine? Assuredly, if we are to believe Frederick the Great's sister, Catherine was the reverse of a beauty. Nor was Peter particularly faithful to her; yet when he discovered irrefutable proofs of her infidelity, and might have killed her with one blow without being answerable to anyone, he refrained.

We will take it, however, that Peter had no sense of beauty, that he was a stranger to all refinement: what about Raffaello Sanzio, who chose for his life's companion a girl of the lower classes, a daughter of a baker, whom he watched bathing her feet in the Tiber, and fell in love with? From which we may gather that the late Mr. Du Maurier was not quite so original in "Trilby" as he was supposed to be. La Fornarina (read the baker's daughter), was by no means supremely beautiful; she was not educated in the sense of the term, although she was possessed of sound common sense. Raffaello, who moved among the most beautiful women of his time, and among the wittiest and most scholarly; remained, nevertheless, sincerely

for a new uniform. The favourite of the young Director receives him most graciously, promises to get his request granted, and while he kisses her hand to thank her, he bethinks himself to tell her fortune. A ring is slowly gathering around the pair; among the company there is the widow of a General guillotined during the Reign of Terror. Josephine de Beauharnais, with the exception of her teeth, and in spite of her thirty-six autumns, is decidedly beautiful. The young General falls in love with her, and candidates for matrimony not being plentiful, she accepts him finally *faute de mieux*, although she confesses to a friend that she does not care for him in the least.

Time goes on, and the young General of Brigade, who is her husband now, makes the world ring with his victories. She loves him none the more; nay, is unfaithful to him at every opportunity; is reluctant to join him in the country he has wrested from the Austrians; and, when finally obliged to do so for decency's sake, leaves him not very long in doubt either as to her affection or her conjugal faithfulness. Yet this genius bears it all, does not repudiate her, although he could divorce her legally, and finally makes her Empress of the French. When he does put her away, it is for dynastic, not for private reasons. Emma Lyons, otherwise Lady Hamilton, had at least the credit of having loved the man who flung conventional morality to the wind for her. Now can the man of the world understand? If he can, he is much cleverer than I, who have studied the subject of men's infatuation for years, and I shall be glad of his conclusions.

real power of growth after about the age of five and thirty or forty, but he went on growing. He became, as it were, bigger before our eyes."

No successor has been appointed to take Mr. Ottery's place when he vacates the headship of the Pusey House at Oxford.

At the recent Advent ordinations there was a total of 557, as against 646 the year previously. The falling off is almost equally divided between the deacons and the priests.

It seems that the late Rev. T. B. Pollock was the author of "The Daily Round." This was a book immensely boomed some years ago. It obtained a large circulation, but I doubt whether it is recognised as an enduring work of devotion.

The oldest clergyman in the Church of England is the Rev. Thomas Edward Allen, of Tiverton, Devon, who celebrated his hundredth birthday about three weeks ago. He is still in good health, and in the enjoyment of all his faculties.

The Bishop of Exeter, an Evangelical, has taken up a decisive attitude on the question of marriage licenses to divorced persons. It is announced that he has intimated to the clergy of a certain rural deanery that, having received their memorial on the subject, he has given instructions to his Chancellor that the issue of these licenses is to cease in the diocese of Exeter. It may be supposed that this prohibition affects both the innocent and the guilty.





MR. THOMAS BUTANT, Former President Royal College of Surgeons. LORD LISTEN, President Royal Society. THE DANISH MINISTER. ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK BESPOND. DR. NANSEN. SIR CLEMENTE MARSHALL, President of the Club. CARDINAL VAUGHAN. THE SWEDISH MINISTER. LIEUTENANT SCOTT-HALLAM, Chief of the Swedish staff of the late Polar Expedition. ADMIRAL SIR LEONARD MURDOCK.

"TO THE HEALTH OF DR. NANSEN!"

THE ROYAL SOCIETIES CLUB BANQUET, FEBRUARY 5, 1897.



## DR. NANSEN AND HIS BOOK.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM.

The other day I took my accustomed walk along the fjord and out towards Lysaker to call on Dr. Nansen. It was warm and close, a southerly gale was chasing the black clouds over the sky, but what mattered it? The *Fram* was again in port and I was about to greet my friends—to find the family assembled, “Liv,” mother, and father under the same roof.

Yes, there sat Nansen at his desk as he sat three years before, with the same quiet smile and the same nod, and in the parlour sat Mrs. Nansen and “Liv.”

Dr. Nansen returned home to Lysaker in September, and as soon as the rejoicings had somewhat subsided he locked himself in; he said “No” to everyone who knocked at his door: he meant to write his book.

From the commencement of October he has worked unceasingly till now. It is true he has good diaries, but so many pages of diaries do not constitute a book, and Nansen knew that months of close application must be devoted to the making of a book worthy of his subject. A shorthand writer came every day. Nansen walked up and down the room or sat at the table and dictated. The work went quickly, but there were constant interruptions. Now it was an artist who came with a sketch which was to be looked over and set right; now it was a photographer who came for instructions concerning pictures; then again another artist on a similar errand; and his secretary to receive instructions for replies to telegrams and letters. Messrs. Constable, the London publishers, would telegraph about one thing, the publisher in France about another; and while reading a letter from the German publisher his Norwegian firm would ring him up on the telephone, and so on. Then there were the inevitable consequences of fame: requests from all imaginable geographical societies to be favoured with a lecture; numberless societies asking his consent to be elected an honorary member; deputations, official letters, hosts of more or less private invitations from Norway, England, Germany, and America, flattering requests for photographs, autographs, and the like. And Nansen does not like to be discourteous; he tries to answer all, and keeps his secretary at work incessantly.

However, interruptions may be of the most agreeable kind. “Liv,” who was six months old when Nansen started, is now so delighted with this splendid big playfellow who has suddenly come home, and who calls himself “Far” (father), that she cannot resist the temptation to steal in, jump up on his knees and commence her prattle; and then the hero yields: he is not yet proof against such interruptions as his child's caresses. At another time the door opens and sounds of music flow in from the adjoining room. Nansen loves music, and loves to hear his wife sing; so the result is a pause, though a short one; then, indefatigable and unwearied, he works on again.

Nansen can write. Even at school, if the subject

permitted, he had a fine aptitude for composition. When he returned home from his first voyage to the Polar Sea in 1882 he wrote some very lively descriptions of his Polar-bear hunts in a sporting paper. Some years later on he published in a daily paper a description of his well-known snow-shoe tour over the mountains from Christiania to Bergen. His vivid descriptions of scenery, his vigorous style, and his poetical treatment of his subject created quite a sensation. I remember once speaking to one of the older professors at Christiania University, who said—“I must congratulate our country in having a young man like Nansen who can feel and write thus.” His book about the expedition to Greenland is well known, but the work he is now writing will rank infinitely higher, as a

goods, etc., and amidst all this Nansen was working indefatigably.

Now, once more, he was to be seen sitting at work in the same chamber. How much thinner he seemed! On arrival in Franz Josef Land, after the most dreadful toils, he had gained twenty pounds. But this book has made him lose weight. I have never seen him looking thinner. He was working on a map. He had undertaken to have everything—texts, illustrations, and maps—ready for Messrs. Constable and Co. by Jan. 15. The day was drawing near, this map was behind time, and now he was working at double speed. It seemed a hopeless task, but Nansen said it *must* be done. His secretary came into the room with a telegram: “The English publishers inquire when the remainder will be sent.” “Say on the 15th,” said Nansen, and turned to his work again.

Later on at night he had a little time to spare, and then I was shown many of the illustrations intended for the work. There were drawings by Norway's most eminent artists—Werenskiold, Sinding, Bloch—and by the younger ones, Eiebakke, Jorde, and Egedius. But what interested me still more was the splendid collection of photographs. It was a wonderful sight. The whole ice-desert with all its silent mystery was brought, so to speak, within one's view. Here was the *Fram* in the ice, which extended far away into immeasurable space; on one side the ice reached high above the vessel's hull. It made one shudder with cold to look at it. The photograph was taken by moonlight and had been exposed for so long that the moon appeared like a streak in the sky. Another photograph showed Sverdrup, Scott-Hansen, and Blessing round the card-table in the cabin. They were smoking, and looked very comfortable. In another the *Fram* was again seen in the ice; but this time it was summer: clothes were hanging out to dry; the men were loitering about, and the dogs were asleep in the sun. Another photograph showed a group of the crew who remained behind when Nansen and Johansen had left the *Fram*; then came views taken on their

journey across the ice, views of ice-hummocks, ice-floes, of walruses, and even of Polar bears. Nansen, with a kodak under one arm and a rifle under the other, had taken two photographs of an approaching bear which he afterwards shot.

There was a dirty-looking black book lying on the table. “What is that?” I said. “That is my diary, which I kept in my cabin.” It is quite black, what with smoke and fingering—so black that in some places Nansen had to have recourse to a magnifying-glass to read it.

Our conversation continued until late into the night, and many and varied were the things that I heard; but as I am not sure whether it is permitted to tell tales out of school I must hold my tongue. The book will soon be in everybody's hands, and the story will be told by a better pen than mine.



DR. NANSEN.

Drawn from Life by A. Forestier.

declare who have had an opportunity of seeing the manuscript.

Delightful disorder reigns supreme in Nansen's room. I well remember the air of desolation that struck me the first time I entered it after Nansen's departure, when all was in order, the table empty, the whole room lifeless. Now the enormous table is once more covered with papers, manuscripts, drawings, photographs, maps and charts, etc. All along the walls stand articles connected with the recent expedition, although most of them have been placed in a special house which Nansen has been obliged to have built. All is life and bustle again. Yet the room does not look quite so disordered as it did just before he started. Then it was a repository for articles of the most heterogeneous description—sledges, snow-shoes, rifles, dubbing, cartridges, marmalade, raw silk, chocolate, boots and shoes, pemmican, preserved



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

There are a few animals which to the naturalist are indeed *rare aves* from the infrequency with which they are found, and from the difficulty experienced in obtaining specimens for purposes of examination and research into their life-histories. The pearly nautilus, rarest of the cuttle-fishes, illustrates such an animal form; yet round the Fijis, I believe, this interesting shelled cuttle is common enough. For many years, our knowledge of the nautilus was derived from the dissection of one specimen described by Professor Sir Richard Owen; but of late days Mr. A. Willey has procured specimens which, no doubt, will be fully utilised in the interests of zoological science. Another group of creatures of which it is most desirable we should know more is that including the mud-fishes, or *Lepidosirens*, one species of which occurs in the Amazon and another in the Gambia. Mr. Willey, if I mistake not, proceeded from Oxford to hunt for the nautilus, just as Mr. Caldwell set forth from that centre of culture to search for the eggs of that curious quadruped the Australian *Ornithorhynchus*, or "duck-billed water-mole." I learn that Cambridge, as represented in the persons of two of her alumni, Messrs. Graham Kerr and Budgett, has sent a mission to South America to bring home a store of material the examination of which shall make the history of the mud-fish clear to science.

These gentlemen left England in August last for Paraguay. Mr. Kerr writes home that in Upper Paraguay, in the Chaco, they arrived at a mission station, near which the mud-fishes were said to be plentiful. It is related that, by a curious irony of fate, the Cambridge



THE BENIN EXPEDITION: OLD CALABAR FROM CONSULATE HILL, LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.  
FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN L. C. KOE, AN OFFICER OF THE PUNITIVE EXPEDITION.

frogs, and shows us the way out from the lower water-type of life to the higher terrestrial groups.

In common with many of my readers, I have been amused by reading the accounts of a recent case tried in Surrey in which the composition of a certain arsenical soap formed the subject of a prosecution on the part of the sanitary authorities. The chemical analysis of the soap showed that it contained a fractional amount of arsenic, so that practically it might be deemed a non-arsenical article. Then, I suppose, if a larger proportion of arsenic is added to the soap, its common sale as containing a scheduled poison might be prohibited. Between the Scylla of an insignificant amount of arsenic and the Charybdis of giving a quantity which might entail legal interference in another sense, the soapmaker is hardly to be envied.

It has always formed a subject of speculation with me why people should think that arsenic is capable of imparting clearness and loveliness to the complexion. Certainly the use of no soap whatever can ensure a clear skin, apart from the maintenance of good health otherwise. What we have really to assure ourselves about is that the soap we use is a pure, unadulterated soap, and of such preparations there are, fortunately, no lack. But the idea that a little insoluble arsenic contained in soap can have any effect whatever on the skin, is one of those lingering remnants of ultra-popular science which it is to be hoped our education in hygiene will speedily dissipate altogether. In murder trials where arsenic has formed the poison used by the criminal, the question of the cosmetic use of the drug almost always crops up. It was so in the case of Madeleine Smith and in that of Mrs. Maybrick. Yet there is no foundation for the idea that any amount of dabbling arsenical solutions on the face can improve the complexion. Arsenic is certainly prescribed by doctors in certain skin ailments, and possibly this little nucleus of fact has given origin to the popular fallacy. As for arsenical soaps, their utility is simply that of ordinary soap; while for anyone to swallow the arsenical pills and wafers advertised for complexion-improving purposes is simply a useless procedure. If there is a due amount of arsenic in such preparations, their employment is dangerous; and if, as is more likely, the quantity is infinitesimal, they are useless in every sense.

Yet another view of the canals of Mars has been propounded. The opinion that the appearances presented by our earth's neighbour among the planets were due to vegetable growth was duly noted in this column some months ago. Now Herr M. Teoperberg, of the Hague, maintains that the canal systems represent snow-falls, and that their periodical doubling is to be explained on optical grounds connected with the mode of deposition of the snow. This view of matters, however, does not appear to find favour in the eyes of astronomers, who regard the vegetation theory as a more feasible explanation.



THE BENIN EXPEDITION: SOLDIERS OF THE NIGER COAST PROTECTORATE.

men were actually entertained at supper on roast mud-fish, so common is the fish in the neighbouring swamps. This fish, rare in our museums, thus appears to be an article in common use as food in its native region. Needless to say, this welcome fact has been taken full advantage of by the explorers, and in the Cambridge laboratories we may expect to see the full history of the fish duly investigated.

The interest attaching to the *Lepidosiren* can be understood and appreciated when it is known that it forms a link between the fishes and the higher land vertebrates. It possesses the gills of an ordinary fish wherewith it breathes in its native waters, but it also possesses, like the big Australian *Ceratodus* or Barramunda, a pair of lungs, which it uses in breathing when the exigencies of its life compel it to adopt a terrestrial mode of existence. In the hot season, when its pools and swamps are dried up, the fish coils head and tail together in a burrow which it excavates in the mud, and practically goes to sleep; communication with the outer air being maintained by means of a small tubular opening. The gills then go into the background of fish-life, and the blood of the animal is purified by the atmospheric air, inhaled directly into the lungs.

Possibly the lungs may also be used even when it returns to the water; but the truly amphibious nature of the mud-fish is clearly proved by the possession of the double breathing organs, while its heart is the heart of a frog, in that it is three-chambered. It is unlike that of the fish, which has only two chambers. Persons who in days of yore used to demand from Evolutionists that they should produce the "missing links," which in the theory of development should connect one class with another, had their difficulties fully solved in one direction at least by the mud-fish. This form unites very perfectly the characters of fishes and



THE BENIN EXPEDITION: OLD CALABAR, LOOKING UP THE RIVER FROM THE CHURCH HILL.  
FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN L. C. KOE, AN OFFICER OF THE PUNITIVE EXPEDITION.

See "Our Illustrations."





THE PLAGUE IN INDIA: THE EXODUS FROM BOMBAY.

*By A. Forestier.*



THE PLAYHOUSES.

"OLIVIA," AT THE LYCEUM.

At the Lyceum "Olivia" is once more the attraction. It is for ever being revived there, and for ever welcome. Hitherto, however, we have had with it, at Wellington Street, the sweet, lovable Vicar of Sir Henry Irving. Now the rôle of Olivia's father is in the hands of its original representative (at the Court Theatre nearly twenty years ago)—Mr. Hermann Vezin. Comparisons are inevitable, but let it simply be said that Mr. Vezin's Vicar has dignity, distinction, and decision; if it is lacking in anything it is in the quality of appealing irresistibly to the heart. The present cast of Mr. Wills's piece strikes us as presenting many points of novelty. Novel, surely, are the Thornhill of Mr. Frank Cooper, the Burchell of Mr. Macklin, the Moses of Mr. Martin Harvey, the Sophia of Miss Julia Arthur, the Polly of Miss Brenda Gibson. With the Mrs. Primrose of Miss Milton we have, we think, met before. Somehow or other, one feels that, as a whole, "Olivia" has been better done at the Lyceum than on the present occasion—has been more homogeneous, has gone with more absolute smoothness. But so long as it brings with it the delightful performance of Miss Ellen Terry, it will always be magnetic in its power over the judicious playgoer. Hers is, and always will be, the one and only Olivia of this generation.

"A FREE PARDON," AT THE OLYMPIC.

Christian having been unable to get out of the Slough of Despond in which he became immersed, the Olympic Theatre reopened on Jan. 28 under the management of Mrs. Charles Sugden with a new melodrama by Mr. F. C. Phillips and Mr. Leonard Merriek. One uses the epithet "new" by way of courtesy. As a matter of fact, the piece is composed of many fine old simple ingredients, and is scarcely relieved by a scintillation of the wit and cynicism which distinguished "As in a Looking-Glass" and "A Woman's Reason." Julian Annesley, villain (Mr. Edward O'Neill—lately the devilish Amiel of "The Sorrows of Satan"), laid the baseless charge of forgery against his cousin Eric Annesley, "of the Lancers" (Mr. Harrison Hunter), parted that hero from his father, tried to marry his sweetheart, murdered the old gentleman, and got the son "put away" for the crime. But the ex-Lancer escaped from Portland, under circumstances similar to the recent Dartmoor incident, and solved the difficulties of life by the aid of the woman who had loved Julian till he betrayed her and turned her love into bitter hate. The piece has its exciting scenes, and is useful in having brought out in a new light Miss Esmé Beringer, who played in such a way as to put her in a place by herself in melodrama. The hero is portrayed by a new-comer to London, Mr. Harrison Hunter, who is quite thrilling in moments of emergency—though he can't make love. Mr. W. L. Abington plays a low comedy part, which is a new turn in his career, and Mrs. Sugden is the lady adventuress.

PANTOMIME—FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

By way of providing a startling study in contrasts, "A Pierrot's Life" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre could not have been produced at a more appropriate time than this, when the English pantomime season is at its height. In the French dumb show you find a charming story, coherent, dramatic, told by methods at once simple and subtle. In the misnamed pantomime of home manufacture you get a fairy story, which was one time compact and telling, mangled into blatant vulgar incoherence, and serving as a stupid needless background to a *résumé* of the music-hall art of the bygone year. That English folk are not incapable of interpreting a play in dumb show is made clear by the appearance of Miss Kitty Loftus as the poor little milliner who married Pierrot. She is quite as good as her French predecessor, Madame Germaine Ety—at points even superior. Signor Rossi's work remains as a memorable specimen of the art of pantomime, and the beautiful music is now perfectly rendered. Leaving the Prince of Wales's Theatre, the present writer went straight to the Parkhurst at Holloway to see "Sinbad the Sailor," a show absolutely typical of a hundred being given all over the country at this moment. The contrast was too acute; daintiness gave place to dreariness; humour to buffoonery; sadness to sordidness. But Mr. Perfect's clients roared over Mrs. Sinbad (Mr. George Barrett), encored her son (Miss Violet Raymond), and waxed enthusiastic over the tum-tum patchwork which served as the musical basis.

"THE PRODIGAL FATHER," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

The unfortunate Strand Theatre was reopened on Feb. 1 by its owner, Mr. J. S. Clarke, with an "extravagant farce," called "The Prodigal Father," in three acts. Dollie Bond, a commonplace music-hall artiste (note the e), fascinated Mr. Dodge, a nice elderly old gentleman (Mr. Harry Paulton), who followed her round the country; while she married his son, the intrigues being conducted quite separately. Prodigal senior accounted to his family for his absence by a pretended journey to Africa, but his game was baulked by the appearance of Dollie and her appalling little girl, Birdikins, at his house. To escape her toils, Prodigal junior pretended to be a burglar, and the young man who was engaged to the daughter of the house of Dodge masqueraded as an African chief. Ultimately Dollie's first husband, Catesby Duff (Mr. Charles Collette), an out-at-elbows actor, turned up, and the imbroglis were satisfactorily settled. Very extravagant indeed; a piece of American texture with a mechanical English pattern worked on it. The most interesting personality in the cast was Miss Florence Gerard (the widow of the late Mr. Henry Abbey, the impresario), who, after fifteen years' absence from our stage, returned to figure as Dollie. Birdikins was cleverly played by Miss Lulu Valli; and Miss May Palfrey looked charming as Miss Dodge. Mr. Charles Collette, as the old actor, was also welcomed back to the theatre; and Mr. Harry Paulton as Dodge was—Mr. Harry Paulton. The first night pit and gallery were convulsed with laughter.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

SIGNOR ASPA (Icamington).—Many thanks for problem, which we have little doubt will prove most acceptable.

PENNY CHARLES (New York).—There must be some error in your copy of No. 2751. K takes P can certainly be played.

J M K LUTON (Richmond).—We were not captivated with your two-mover, but hope to find the one in three moves of some use. Problems in four moves we cannot publish.

E P VULLIANY (Glasbury).—Any correction of problem must be sent on a fresh diagram, as we cannot undertake to make alterations.

W BIDDLE (Stafford).—If sound the new contribution shall appear.

J S WESLEY (Exeter).—We have read your communication with interest, and thank you for the information.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2750 received from Th mas E Laurent (Bombay), Sidney Pritchard (Yereaud), and Rev Armand De Rossett Meares (Baltimore, U.S.A.); of No. 2753 from Emile Frau (Lyons), and James M K Lupton (Richmond); of No. 2754 from F A Carter (Malden), C E H (Clifton), Emile Frau, W H Lunn (Cheltenham), and John Hailey (Stony Stratford); of No. 2755 from H B S (Saffron Walden), C E M (Ayr), F Zuber (Genoa), (authness (Kensington), T Roberts, J S Wesley (Exeter), Dr F St, E G Boys, Dane John, C E Perugini, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), R H Brooks, and J Bailey (Newark).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2753 received from J S Wesley (Exeter), Alpha, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), W R B (Clifton), F W C (Edgbaston), C M O (Buxton), Eugene Henry, Dane John, F Anderson, J F Moon, J D Tucker (Leeds), T Baty (Colchester), C E M (Ayr), F James (Wolverhampton), G J Veal, H B S (Saffron Walden), F J Candy (Croydon), Frank Proctor, Fred J Gross, Shadforth, Captain Miller, Bluet, Charles Burnett, F A Carter (Malden), Sorrento, E Loudon, F L Gilliespie, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), C M A B, T Chown, G Vernon (West Bromwich), Castle Lea, F E Betts (Maidstone), W David (Cardiff), R H Brooks, R Worters (Canterbury), E B Ford (Cheltenham), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), C Raleigh, Emile Frau, Dr Walz (Heidelberg), E G Boys, T G (Ware), H Le Jeune, W D (Ipswich), Thomas D Brett (Hitchley), J Sowden, C F Josling (Dover), M A Eyle (Folkestone), F W Waller (Luton), and T Roberts.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2753.—By D. MACKAY.

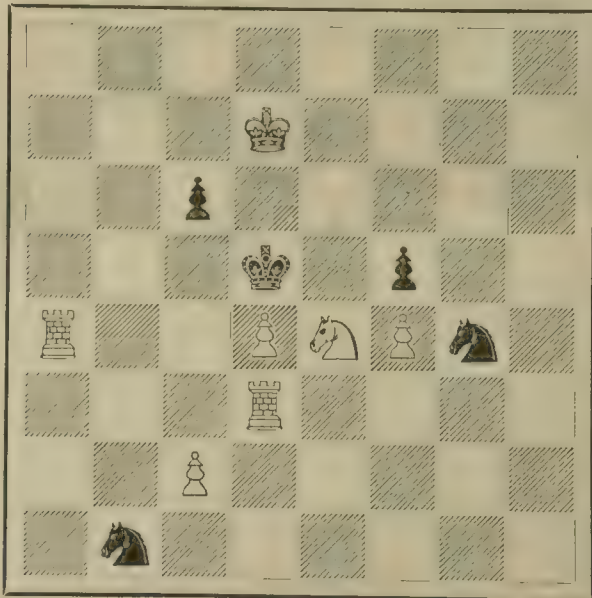
WHITE. 1. Kt to K 5th. 2. Q takes Kt (ch). 3. Q mates.

BLACK. K takes Kt. K moves.

If Black play 1. R takes Kt, 2. Q to Q sq (ch); if 1. K to B 4th, 2. Q to K 4th (ch); if 1. R takes P at B 4th, 2. Kt to B 3rd (ch); if 1. R to Q 6th, or P to K 7th (ch), 2. Kt to Q 3rd (dis ch), K to K 5th, 3. Q to K R sq. mate.

PROBLEM No. 2758.—By J. T. ANDREWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played between Messrs. F. J. LEE and R. F. FENTON.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	26. Q to B 4th	K to Kt 2nd
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	27. P to K R 4th	R to B sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	28. P to K Kt 5th	P to K R 4th
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	29. P to B 4th	Q to B 2nd
5. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	30. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd
6. P to K 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	31. Q to B 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
7. B to Q 3rd	P takes P	32. Q to B 3rd	Kt to B 4th
All authorities condemn the early exchanges of Pawns in this opening. It will be seen that White gets the better game in consequence of this capture in the text.			
8. B takes P	Kt to Q 4th	33. Q to B 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
9. B takes B	Q takes B	34. Kt to Kt 3rd	R to Q 4th
10. R to Q B sq	Kt to Q 2nd	35. B to K 4th	R to Q 2nd
11. Castles	Kt takes Kt	If here Kt takes Q P, White wins by the reply Q to K 3rd.	
12. R takes Kt	Kt to B 3rd	36. B to B 3rd	K R to Q sq
13. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 2nd	37. R to Q sq	R to K 2nd
14. P to Q R 3rd	Q R to Q sq	38. Kt to B 5th	Q to B 2nd
15. P to K 4th	B to B sq	39. Kt to K 4th	K to B sq
16. Q to R 4th	P to Q R 3rd	40. Kt to B 6th	Q to Kt 3rd
17. Q to B 2nd	P to R 3rd	41. P to R 4th	K to Kt 2nd
18. P to R 3rd	Q to B 2nd	42. P to R 5th	Q to R 2nd
19. Q to B sq	K R to K sq	43. K to Kt 2nd	Q to Kt sq
20. Q to K 3rd	K to B sq	44. K to R 3rd	R to R sq
21. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to K 2nd	45. B to K 4th	Q to B 2nd
22. K R to Q B sq	B to Q 2nd	46. B takes Kt	K P takes B
23. P to Kt 4th	Kt to Kt sq	This loses the exchange, and ultimately the game. Even had Black recaptured with the Knight's Pawn his position was hopeless. Black has suffered throughout the imprisonment of his Queen's Bishop.	
24. P to K 5th	B to B sq	47. Kt to Q 5th	Q to Q 2nd
The retreating tactics of Black are compulsory owing to the confined position of his Bishop.			
25. Q to K 4th	P to K Kt 3rd	48. Kt takes R	Resigns

Game played in the Surrey v. Sussex match, between Messrs. A. A. BOWLEY and H. W. PEACHEY.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. B. (Surrey).)	BLACK (Mr. P. (Sussex).)	WHITE (Mr. B. (Surrey).)	BLACK (Mr. P. (Sussex).)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	him to rapidly develop his Queen's pieces and strengthen his position, there seems to be no harm done.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	14.	Q takes P
3. B to Kt 5th	P to K B 4th	15. Kt to Q 2nd	Q takes B P
4. P to Q 4th	B P takes P	16. Q R to B sq	Q to B 4th
5. B takes Kt	Kt P takes B	17. K R to B sq	Q to Q 2nd
6. Kt takes P	Kt to B 3rd	18. Kt to K 4th	R to Q sq
7. Castles	P to B 4th	19. Kt takes P	
This move has a tendency to weaken his position; B to K 2nd and Castles was a better line of play.			
8. P to K B 3rd	K P takes P	Kt takes Kt would have won more speedily as follows: 19. Kt takes Kt, B takes Kt; 20. R takes B (ch), P takes R; 21. Q takes P (ch), K to Kt sq; 22. R to K B sq, and wins. But White was pressed for time and wished to avoid complications, the game having been played under a twenty-four moves an hour limit.	
9. Q takes P	B to R 3rd	20. B takes B (ch)	B takes Kt
10. R to K sq	B to K 2nd	21. Q takes R P	R to B 2nd
11. Kt to B 6th		22. Q to Kt 7th	R takes P
An excellent move. Of course the Kt must be taken, but Black's position is thereby so compromised that it is doubtful if the game can now be saved.			
12. Q takes P (ch)	K to B sq	23. Q R to K sq	Q to K 7th
13. Q takes B	Q takes P (ch)	24. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
14. B to K 3rd		25. Q to K Kt 3 (ch)	Q to Kt 4th
This loses two Pawns, but as it enables			
		26. Q to Q 3rd (ch)	Resigns.

NEW RAILWAY INTO SYRIA.

See Next Page.

At the present moment, when the "Turkish Question" is so prominently before the nations of Europe, more particularly the future of the wealthy dependencies of the Ottoman Empire in Asia Minor—in which this country has by far the largest stake, owing to its being the *point d'appui* to India from Europe—the new line of railway which has been constructed and worked for some months between Beyrout, on the coast of the Levant, and Damascus, the far-famed capital and mart of Syria, to which the caravans come from all eastern parts of the valleys of Euphrates and Tigris down to the Gulf of Persia, cannot fail to be of great interest, and we have, therefore, reproduced a number of views of this important line of communication and commerce. To the British Empire, be it said, the line may become ere long of surpassing importance, as it is the first section of the projected railway to the Persian Gulf and India through the Euphrates Valley, the eventual construction of which can only be a question of time: in fact, the Société Ottomane des Chemins de Fer de Beyrout-Damas-Hauran et Birejik sur l'Euphrate holds, as the latter names indicate, also a concession for the extension of the existing line to the vast waterway flowing into the Persian Gulf, the "Ganges" of the Levant and Persia. And to this line we already hold the key in the island of Cyprus, which commands Beyrout, and, in fact, all parts along the coast of the Levant and down to the mouth of the Nile. This is the portion of Asia Minor known as Syria, which extends north to the borders of Armenia, the mountains of which divide the two States.

Syria has played an important part in the world's history from time immemorial. In modern times Syria has occasionally caused the rulers of Europe a lot of trouble; as, for instance, in 1840, when the Allies had to wrest the country from the Egyptians and restore it to the legitimate owners, the Turks, on which occasion a combined English and Austrian fleet bombarded Beyrout and destroyed the forts. Again, there was the futile French expedition to Syria, glorified in the famous war-chant of the Empress Eugénie, "Partant pour la Syrie." The French unquestionably still claim to have paramount interests in Syria, and most of the trade of the country is in French hands, particularly the important silk industry, of which they claim knowledge *par excellence*. The rest of the European population is made up of Turks, Greeks, Italians, Maltese, Egyptians and Armenians, and the *olla podrida* of Levantine races known as "Franks." In the interior still dwell the famous warlike Maronites and Druses, sheep and goat raisers and stealers, splendid riders of their pure Arab steeds, but ferocious, covetous, and treacherous, as was shown by the cold-blooded murder and robbery of the Palmer expedition in 1880, and the quite recent capture of an English officer, Captain Marriott. In fact, no European is quite safe outside the confines of the towns without escort.

The chief products of Syria are silk, goats' hair, cotton, wine, and grain, the latter product being grown in abundance in the province of Hauran, beyond Damascus, the "grain storehouse of the Levant." However, as may be seen from our Illustrations, the country in the high-lying parts, chiefly traversed by the railway, is barren, cheerless, and rugged in the extreme, more particularly in the Lebanon mountains, where an altitude of over 4000 feet is reached.

The history of the pioneer railway company in Syria is worth recording. In the sixties a French company obtained a concession from the Ottoman Government for the construction and working of a main road between Beyrout and Damascus, and in 1863 it was completed. The two cities had then a population of, respectively, 25,000 and 100,000 inhabitants, which has since risen to 125,000 and 200,000! The service in time proving wholly inadequate, it was decided in 1891 to build a railway between the two towns, which was commenced in 1892, and completed in two years and a half. The line to the fertile grain-fields of Hauran—sixty-five miles—had been built a year before by a Belgian company. In addition to the concessions thus carried out, the company holds concessions for lines to Homs, Hama, Aleppo, and Birejik on the Euphrates, with branch lines to the sea, connecting therewith the Turkish railway net in Europe. These lines, which are now to be taken in hand, are guaranteed by the Ottoman Government, but this is not the case with the Damascus Railway. The construction of the line presents great engineering difficulties: two lofty chains of mountains, the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon, having to be crossed at heights upwards of 4000 feet, with the track exposed to terrific snow-storms, great avalanches, and landslips. A narrow gauge of just over a yard was therefore selected, a system of working partly normal adhesion and partly cog-wheel being decided on. The latter is the "Abt" system of cog-wheel engines and cars, in use on all Swiss mountain railways and on Snowdon, being constructed at the great engineering works at Winterthur, in Switzerland. The length of the Beyrout-Damascus Railway is 95 miles—35 miles in Lebanon, 65 miles in Anti-Lebanon. The highest point of the Lebanon, 4500 feet, is reached 25 miles from the coast. Thence the line descends into the plain of Bikaa, 35 miles, and, having crossed it, ascends the Anti-Lebanon to an altitude of 4250 feet (55 miles), and redescends to Damascus, 2000 feet.

There are three great stations, Beyrout, Mallakah, and Damascus, and twenty-one smaller ones, besides stopping ports, with workshops, etc., at both ends. The cog-wheel system is only adopted between Beyrout and Mallakah; the rest of the line is normal. The transfer of a train at the latter station from one system to another only occupies fifteen minutes.

As regards the results of the working of the line, it is as yet too early to speak, but it is estimated from the present traffic that about half a million passengers and 65,000 tons of goods will be carried annually.

In conclusion, it must be said that unquestionably this line of railway, traversing the southern part of Asia Minor, has a great future before it in the development of that, as yet, Turkish province, and its importance will be greatly enhanced when extended along the Euphrates to the frontiers of Persia.





1. In the Cutting at El Tekieh.

4. Ascending the steep Track above the Roman Bridge at Souk.

2. Viaduct and Fort at Khan M'Rad.

5. The Hôtel Victoria at Bekaa: Coaches starting for Chaura.

3. Diverting the River Barada at Bessima.

6. Station-House and Village of Mallakah.

VIEWS ON THE BEYROUT AND DAMASCUS RAILWAY.



## LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

I feel like the well-known lady correspondent who wrote weekly to her husband informing him that there was no news to-day. But really in the world of fashion there is very little doing or to be done. The moment, of course, that there is a sincere ray of sunshine we all consider the possibilities of doffing our fur jackets in favour of tailor-made coats and skirts; but when the special ray of sunshine has not appeared we cling affectionately to our sealskins, thanking Providence that we possess them, while we pin our skirts up above our ankles and seek the joys of skating in the open air. Under such circumstances it is not possible or wise to wear very smart dresses, and our only opportunities for such delights may be found at a theatre-party or luncheon-party, both of these being festivities much in evidence during this unsocial season of the year. Costumes for the luncheon-party deserve consideration perhaps, and these look their best made of velvet, the bodice and skirt alike, the former being trimmed with a jet tracing and showing a little vest of cream-coloured lace. Imagine such a programme being followed in a very dark shade of steel-blue velvet, yoke and epaulettes and hanging fringes of the jet on the bodice, displaying a vest of cream-coloured silk covered with a cravat hanging loosely from the throat, crowned with one of the new toques made of sapphire-blue velvet corded and tucked round and round the crown, with a short full brim turned up at one side with shaded blue feathers and violets. The effect would be excellent, and the best compliment to such a costume is the popular sable circular cape reaching to the elbows and fastening round the neck with a scarf of old lace. A monster sable muff of flat figure would put the finishing touch to that dress, which must at once be voted extravagant. A far simpler gown, and one which might yet receive the admiration of the connoisseur, is that sketched here, made of



A DARK RED CLOTH COSTUME.

dark red cloth with skirt and bodice set into tiny tucks from neck to waist and waist to hem, small black braid ornaments trimming the bodice across, and catching the tucks on the skirt. Round the waist are a few folds of black antique satin, and a frill of the same appears at the neck, while the bonnet is made of this and trimmed with pink and red roses and a curled black osprey. By the way, this reminds me there is a new variety of osprey, very long and very thin. This, instead of setting up erect, waves lengthwise from back to front of a hat, and is at present to be found in white or in black, decorating with signal success flower toques.

But let me get back to my dresses for the luncheon-party, which you can take for granted is quite an informal affair, and might welcome a costume of cloth made with a velvet bolero turning back with pointed revers, showing a lace cravat; or with a cloth bolero, which would be a less extravagant style. A cloth skirt might possess one of these boleros, made in large flat tucks setting straight across the figure, fastening down one side with a frill of Irish lace; and showing an under-bodice of Irish lace which need but simulate the virtue of being an entire bodice, being, in fact, a piece of lace sewn on from bust to waist, and having a little frill down one side of the same. Irish lace bodices are very lovely possessions, and fitted for wearing in the evening

time for ordinary occasions; they look beautiful adorned with jewelled buttons and lined with white lisse. Their price is somewhat prohibitive, however, to the ordinary person, as they cost not less than fifteen pounds if made with lace of worthy quality and lined with glacé silk. Talking of glacé silk, I must chronicle the fact that this is a pre-eminently useful fabric; so that you buy it of good quality—the cheaper description should not be recognised—it will serve your purpose in various ways. I have seen it making a charming under-petticoat with double-kilted frills; I have seen it contrived into an evening dress with the skirt trimmed with rows and rows of lace set transparently into a deep gathered flounce, the bodice being decked to match this, and cut into one with epaulettes frilled with chiffon; fastened down one side with a narrow frill of chiffon, and overhanging a belt made of a few folds of velvet. Again have I seen glacé silk most successfully contrived to form an evening cloak, which was cut in cape form reaching below the hips, entirely made of frills, each frill being hemmed with narrow velvet ribbon. This, in pale blue, with the velvet ribbon in black, and lined with white glacé silk, looks charming. And glacé silk may be found in the manufacture of the domino, whose details might be arranged thus with success: the skirt of pale yellow frilled up to the hips with different shades of yellow glacé, from the faintest daffodil to the deepest orange, the cape to reach this showing the same shading, while round the neck might be a ruffle of yellow roses, and the headgear could be formed of yellow roses and blackbirds mounted somewhat in the Sappho shape on to a white wig. Completed with a black lace mask, the effect would be excellent.

But I must describe that tea-jacket sketched, which, if it were a little higher in the neck, might be worn with grace by the hostess of that luncheon-party to which I have been alluding. It consists of a bolero of velvet outlined with a cream lace appliqué traced with jet resting on a frill of finely pleated cream-coloured lace; it has scarf vest and basque of cream-coloured net, and a belt of jet round the waist, the sleeves being made of lace. The large collar will be found most becoming. And there is nothing simpler than to make the waistcoat reach up to the collar-bones, in order to convert it into a high bodice.

PAULINA PRY.

## NOTES.

Lady Henry Somerset has ordered for the centre of her green at the Village Homes for Inebriate Women, Duxhurst, a very large statue of the Saviour, the model of which has just been completed by the sculptor. Since the Reformation there has been a very strong feeling in England against "images" of this description, and it is quite likely that Lady Henry will receive many vigorous remonstrances from the Nonconformist women who form the mass of her followers, though she herself is a member of the Church of England, and the services at Duxhurst are conducted by a clergyman of the Church. The seal of the British Women's Temperance Association, of which Lady Henry is the President, bears upon it a reproduction of the central figures of the Sistine Madonna. It is a fact that Lady Henry received a solemn resolution, passed at a committee and officially signed, from a branch of her association in a very large town, remonstrating against the use in connection with the association of "an idolatrous picture"! It is to be feared that the "idolatrous image" will likewise arouse some antagonism.

Mrs. Massingberd, the founder and mainspring of the Pioneer Club, which has attained some reputation as the home of "advanced" women, has died of cancer, after an unsuccessful operation. She was one of the best and kindest of women, and devoted a large fortune to public causes; but she, unfortunately, had a whim to wear her hair short, and a vest, loose "morning" or evening "swallow-tail" coat, and untrimmed soft felt hat, just like a man's.

Before these lines reach the reader, but after I write them, the fate of the Women's Suffrage Bill this Session will be known. It is five years ago since a division was last taken, the Bill being then in charge of Sir Albert Rollit. An announcement which has appeared in the *Times* and most other papers that the Parliamentary Committee for Women's Suffrage has decided to ask Lord Templemore to introduce the Bill into the House of Lords would probably mislead some readers about the movement. The "Parliamentary Committee for Women's Suffrage" consists only of a small handful of persons giving themselves that gorgeous title, and has nothing to do with the large and long-established Women's Suffrage Societies either in London or the provinces. The true leaders of the movement all fully perceive that to introduce into the House of Lords a Bill for reforming the House of Commons would be a futile and unseemly proceeding.

Royal babies are of course exceedingly important young personages, and command the counsels as to their rearing of the highest scientific authorities and the most skilful practical attendance. It is, therefore, not a small matter for an "infants' food" to receive the patronage of a royal

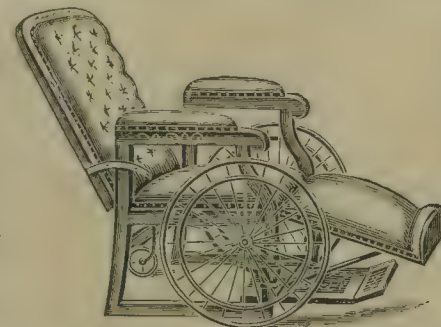
mother. The manufacturers of Benger's Food are naturally, therefore, proud of the fact that their food has been chosen for the baby Grand Duchess Olga, the only child of the Czar, and, as those who saw the little one on her recent visit testify, a remarkably fine specimen of a baby, royal blood apart. Messrs. Benger have received special



A TEA-JACKET.

permission to reprint a letter with the order for the dozen tins of their food that were required for the stay at Balmoral and the subsequent journey. Benger's Food can claim the special property of being "peptonised," or partly pre-digested; and the same element also partially digests the milk that is mixed with the food in making it ready. The formation of hard and indigestible masses of curd in the stomach is thus prevented. It is as desirable for adults of delicate digestion as for babes. As soon as the milk at the proper temperature (just warm) is mixed with the food, the digestive (peptonising) process commences; the food is stood in a warm place for a quarter of an hour, during which it gradually grows sweeter—the process being similar to the ripening of fruit. It is then boiled up slowly; as soon as the boiling point is reached the "ripening" process is completed, and this is an advantage in using it for a supper dish for adults or for invalids, since boiling it up a little sooner prevents the development of as much sweetness as it is desirable for an infants' food to possess. As a leading medical journal observes: "The profession is now keenly alive to the value of the process of artificial digestion in the preparation of foods for the invalid; and in no respect has treatment undergone more improvement in recent years than with regard to the use of peptonised (partially digested) foods. The name of Mr. Benger has been closely associated with that of Sir William Roberts in connection with the introduction of peptonising agents, and to them jointly the physician and the invalid are infinitely indebted for the potent aids to recovery which their work has given."

In the accompanying Illustration is seen the "Merlin" chair, manufactured by Messrs. Leveson and Sons, of 90, New Oxford Street, for the President of the Supreme Court of Buenos Ayres. The chair must be invaluable for a gouty person or other invalid, as it is in every respect under the control of the person using it, and does not need continual recourse to the services of an attendant. The back is fitted with self-adjusting springs, and can be regulated to any required angle by the occupant, and the leg-rest can also be fixed in any position. The latter is detachable, and when not wanted can be instantly removed, and the feet will then rest upon a carpeted footboard, which slides forward for this purpose. The chair is mounted on bicycle wheels, with noiseless rubber tyres, and these are fitted with "hand-rims," by means of which the invalid can propel himself with the least possible exertion. It is, besides, a handsome piece of furniture, as the framework is made of carved walnut wood, the fittings are of burnished brass, and the upholstery is in maroon leather.



F. F.-M.





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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 5, 1883) of Mr. James Stubley, of Batley, Yorkshire, woollen-manufacturer, who died on Sept. 3, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Jan. 14 by John Stubley and David Stubley, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £190,972. The testator gives his household furniture, plate, horses and carriages, to his wife, and the income of £20,000 during her life; £15,000 upon trust for his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Edwards, for life, and then to her issue; £1 per week each to his brothers, Joseph Stubley and Leonard Stubley; £5000 and all his interest in the farms at Little Hurst, Lincolnshire, and Soothill and Chidswell, Yorkshire, together with the farm implements, live and dead stock, and crops, to his son David Stubley; and the portraits of himself and his wife to his son John, to be held by him as heirlooms. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his two sons in equal shares as tenants in common. It would appear that, since the date of his will, his wife has died, therefore the bequests to her fall into his residuary estate.

The will (dated April 29, 1887), with two codicils (dated May 7, 1889, and Dec. 13, 1895), of Mr. Henry Copland, of Broomfield Place, Broomfield, Essex, who died on Nov. 15, was proved on Jan. 20 by John Albert Copland, the nephew, Montague Bigg Copland, the son, and Annie Florence Copland, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £78,871. The testator gives an immediate legacy of £200, his household furniture and effects and £7000 to his daughter, and legacies to servants. He devises Broomfield Place and all his freehold and copyhold property, upon trust, for his daughter for life, and then to her issue as she shall appoint. The residue of his personal estate he leaves between his son and daughter in equal shares; but £10,000, part of the share of his son, is to be held upon trust for him for life and then for his children; and the share of his daughter is to be upon trust for her for life and then to her issue. By a codicil he states that during his lifetime he has given to his son £6000 and his mill, with the cottages and hereditaments, at Preston, Lancashire.

The will (dated April 21, 1890), with four codicils (dated April 29, 1891; June 9, 1893; Nov. 7, 1894; and Aug. 28, 1896), of Mr. William Daniel Allen, of Endcliffe Crescent, Sheffield, steel-manufacturer, who died on Oct. 24, has been proved in the Wakefield District Registry by Charles Allen, the son, and Alexander Thomas Hollingsworth, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £70,852. The testator gives his household furniture and effects, carriages and horses, and £800 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Charlotte Allen; all his shares and interest in the Yorkshire and Derbyshire Coal and Iron Company to his sons Charles Allen, Harry Allen, and William John Allen; all his preference and ordinary shares of Henry Bessemer and Co. to his children, Mrs. Charlotte Ellen Hollingsworth, Charles Allen, Harry Allen, Mrs. Minnie

Wosnam, Mrs. Mary Louise Sorby, and William John Allen; £500 to his niece, Ellen Seager; £500 to his sister Mary; and £100 to his sister Sarah. He devises his two freehold houses in Endcliffe Crescent, to his daughter, Mary Louise Sorby. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for accumulation until the death of his wife, when it is to be equally divided between his children.

The will (dated July 19, 1872) of the Right Hon. William, Baron Kensington, of 69, Grosvenor Street and St. Bride's, Haverfordwest, Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, who died on Oct. 7, was proved on Jan. 23 by Grace Elizabeth, Baroness Kensington, the widow, and Colonel the Hon. Henry Walter Campbell, the executors, the gross value of the personal estate being £57,448. He bequeaths £1000 and the use for life of his leasehold house, 69, Grosvenor Street, with the furniture and effects thereof, to his wife, and certain pictures to his eldest son. His plate with a coronet on he leaves, upon trust, for his eldest son for life, with remainder to his issue in tail male; and he appoints £10,000, moneys of his marriage settlement, to his younger children. All his real estate, not settled, he devises to his eldest son. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to all his children in equal shares, except such son as shall succeed to the Kensington settled estates.

The will (dated April 29, 1882), with three codicils (dated June 7, 1889; Oct. 16, 1894; and Feb. 26, 1895), of Admiral Sir George Henry Richards, K.C.B., F.R.S., of The Cottage, Fetcham, near Leatherhead, Chairman of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, who died at Bath on Nov. 14, was proved on Jan. 22 by Dame Alice Mary Richards, the widow, and John Sharp Channer, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £35,113. The testator gives £100 each to his married children; an annuity of £30 to his sister, Mrs. Alexander; £800, his orders and decorations, and the use, for life, of his furniture and household effects to his wife; and he specifically bequeaths his silver plate to members of his family. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for Lady Richards, for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1895), with a codicil (dated Oct. 28, 1896), of Mr. William Dorrell, of 34, Baker Street, Portman Square, who died on Dec. 13, was proved on Jan. 14 by Stanley Lucas, William Duncan Davison, and Edward Arthur Hughes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £26,432. The testator bequeaths £2500 to the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain; £500 to the Philharmonic Society of London; £200 each to the Royal Academy of Music (Tenterden Street, Hanover Square), the Middlesex Hospital, and St. Thomas's Hospital; £50 each to the rectors of Hurstpierpoint, of Stoke Hammond near Bletchley, of Ditchling near Hassocks, and the curate-in-charge of the district church of St. George, Hurstpierpoint, for the

poor of their respective parishes; £10 to Daniel Hart, the crossing-sweeper who kept the crossing opposite 34, Baker Street; and very many other legacies to relative and friends. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister, Emily Dorrell.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1890), with two codicils (dated May 19, 1893, and Dec. 17, 1894), of Mr. William Henry Bolton, of 34, Stanhope Gardens, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on Jan. 22 by Ernest Robert Still and Captain Gilbert McMicking, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £19,630. The testator devises his property at Craigenococh, Aberfoyle, Scotland, to his wife Mrs. Jane Maitland Bolton, and also gives to her £1000 and his household effects; and, £50 each to his executors. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her decease £1000 is to go to Walter Philip Montagu, and the ultimate residue between his children, and in default thereof to his brothers and two sisters.

The will of Mr. Ralph Wardlaw Macleod Fullarton, Q.C., of the Inner Temple and 1, Holland Park Avenue, Kensington, who died on May 30, was proved on Jan. 22 by John Charles Jeffrey Smith and Philip Witham, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £2592 6s. 11d.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1890) of the Right Hon. Charles Frederick Ashley Cooper Ponsonby, Baron de Mauley, of Longford House, Lechlade, Oxfordshire, who died on Aug. 24 last, has been proved by Maria Jane Elizabeth, Baroness de Mauley, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £1076.

## ART NOTES.

The collection of the works of Ford Madox Brown at the Grafton Galleries will, we venture to predict, be one of the most attractive exhibitions of the present season. His name is better known in London than his paintings, of which there was a show about thirty years ago, while occasionally single pictures from his easel were to be seen at long intervals. Madox Brown, although never a member of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, sympathised with its aims, and pushed its principles to a logical extreme. His early training among the Belgian colourists of the school of Wappers gave him a love rather of emphasis than of harmony; but in such works as "Wycliffe Reading his Translation of the Bible" he seems to have taken the earlier Italian masters as his teachers. He employed his time and his talents, however, upon the production of social and philosophical compositions—of which his "Work" was the most important—instead of devoting himself exclusively to the treatment of dramatic subjects for which his art was specially qualified. Few men of modern times have excelled Madox Brown in the intenseness of passion they could throw into their figures, and such pictures as "Cordelia's Portion," "Elijah and the Widow's Son,"

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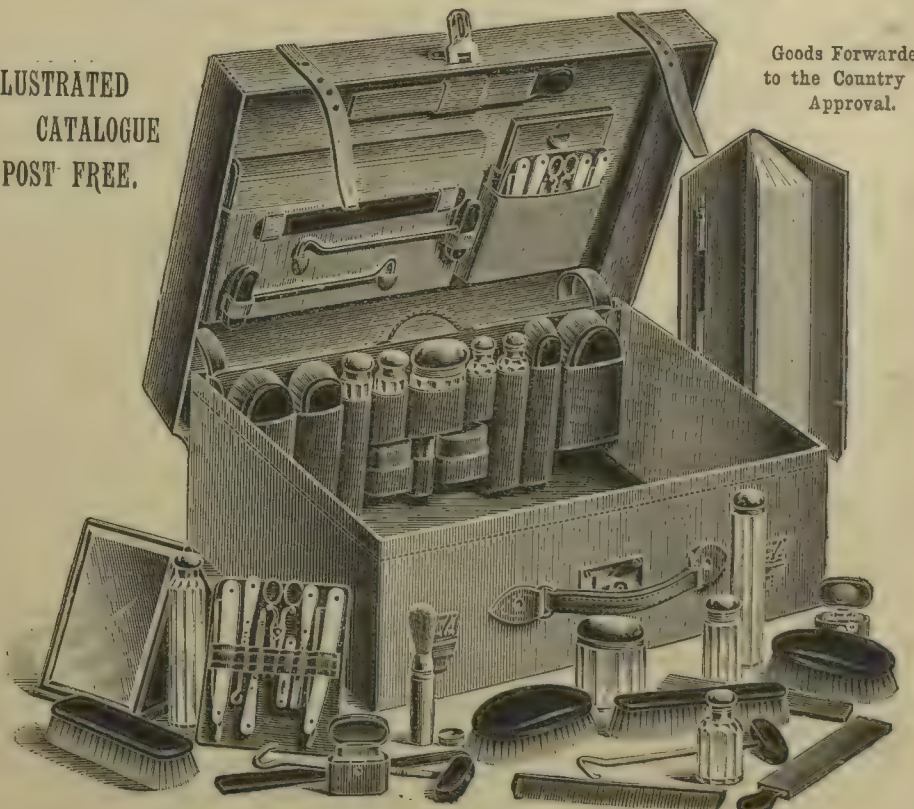
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and "Romeo and Juliet," notwithstanding their obvious imperfections, will sustain the artist's claim to rank among the most independent and most original of the Victorian period. His method of painting too often recalls the art of glass-painting, and he draws too frequently from imagination and not from life.

The Lady Artists seem to have installed themselves definitely in the galleries of the British Artists (Suffolk Street, Pall Mall), but it is doubtful if their exhibition would not be more attractive if restricted to narrower limits. It seems a very doubtful kindness to exhibit the works of many ladies who can never hope to achieve distinction in a very unremunerative profession, whilst the damage done to the more promising artists by unrestricted competition is incalculable. The practice, moreover, of admitting works which have been exhibited elsewhere is only to be justified upon exceptional grounds, of which the existence is not visible on the present occasion. Among the painters in oils, Miss Alice Grant, Mrs. Swynnerton, Miss Florence Small, Miss E. M. Osborn, have made their reputation elsewhere, whilst Miss Bottomley, Miss Unna, Miss Colls, and others are on the way to making it here. As a rule, however, the water colours are more encouraging, and excellent work is exhibited by Miss M. Grove, Miss Ramsey, Miss Dowie,

Miss Isabel White, Miss Russell Roberts, Miss Heath, and Miss Greateorex. With the exception of the first-named, whose studies at Houdleure are of exceptional boldness and beauty, the majority of these ladies are content to follow in the footsteps of their teachers, and shrink from attempting to solve for themselves the ever-changing problems which light and atmosphere offer.

The "Year's Art" (Virtue and Co.) continues to fill a very appreciable place among the annual publications of the year. The short summaries of what has been done in painting and architecture relieve the volume of the charge of containing only "facts," while the happily selected art aphorisms from the writings of the present President of the Royal Academy which adorn the calendar show Sir Edward Poynter in the character of a polished epigrammatist. The choice of the portraits this year will probably give rise to some heart-burnings, but the index to the various series of portraits issued since 1888 will be of considerable use to a large body of writers on art. Mr. A. C. R. Carter may be congratulated on performing a somewhat delicate task with energy and discretion, and upon producing in a compendious form all that it is important to know about art, artists, art-education, and its rewards—the last in the form of the prices realised—and a list (not by any means

exhaustive) of the principal collections of pictures in each county.

The second and third series of Miss Eleanor Rowe's "French Wood-Carvings from the National Museums" (Batsford, High Holborn), take up the history of the art at the accession of Francis I., under whom extravagance in the surroundings of life was pushed to the highest pitch. The progress of wood-carving through the three following centuries is shown by a number of photographs excellently printed in colotype, so that any one plate can be utilised as a means of direct instruction or suggestion. The real value of this series does not lie in the desire to glorify the authorities at South Kensington by revealing the riches they have acquired, but to furnish technical classes—especially in country districts—with designs of the best period and most varied nature. For smaller schools, in which trained art-teaching is not possible, the knowledge of what workmen have done in the past will be the best incentive; and in time we may reasonably hope that, as in England wood-carving formerly flourished in certain districts—open to special influences—the taste and deftness which distinguished our workmen may be again revived. The circulation in our village schools of a few sheets of these reproductions would, we believe, be attended by satisfactory results.

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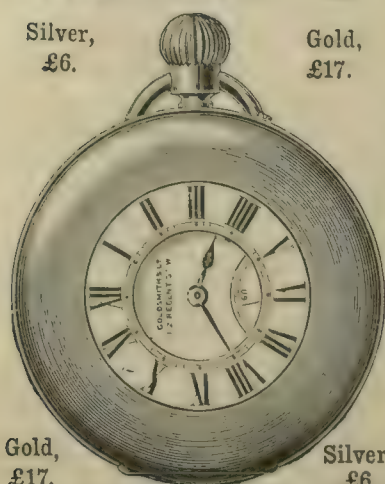
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# **PARLIAMENT.**

The passage of the Education Bill is likely to be stormy. Mr. Balfour has secured his resolution, necessary in the case of a money Bill, authorising the introduction of his measure for the endowment of Voluntary schools, but he has been compelled already to resort to closure. Briefly, the new Bill proposes a capitation grant of five shillings per scholar in the Voluntary schools, the abolition of the seventeen-and-sixpenny limit, and the exemption of these schools from rates. The machinery for the application of the grant is to consist of "associations" of schools grouped together for this financial purpose. The reception of the scheme was somewhat chequered. The strongest advocates of the Voluntary schools were surprised to learn that although Parliament was summoned three weeks earlier than usual, Mr. Balfour appeared to have no hope of passing his Bill by March 31, so as to give much needed help to the schools in the current financial year. The Opposition have found in this delay a pretext for resisting the whole policy. "If," they say, "there is no urgency for your Bill, why not include the necessitous Board schools in the scope of it?" Mr. Balfour has promised to grant relief to these schools whenever time permits, and the argument is that, according to his own admission, time

does permit. On the Ministerial side some members have urged the Government to meet this difficulty by a specific undertaking to introduce another Bill for the benefit of the Board schools in the present Session. The debate on the financial resolution disclosed considerable diversity of opinion; but Ministers are in a distinctly better position than they occupied last year, when they introduced a measure which they could not carry. Sir John Kennaway, who in a memorable speech advised them to drop that Bill, has expressed his adhesion to the new proposals. The Opposition case was stated with considerable force by Mr. Acland, who complained that the allocation of the new grant would give more money to Lancashire than to London. His main point, however, was the suggestion that the necessitous Board schools had been deliberately abandoned by the Government, an accusation which can be easily disproved by an express pledge to deal with these schools before Parliament is prorogued.

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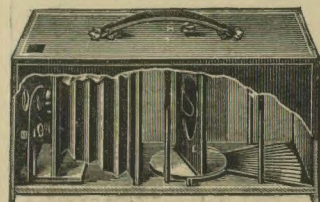
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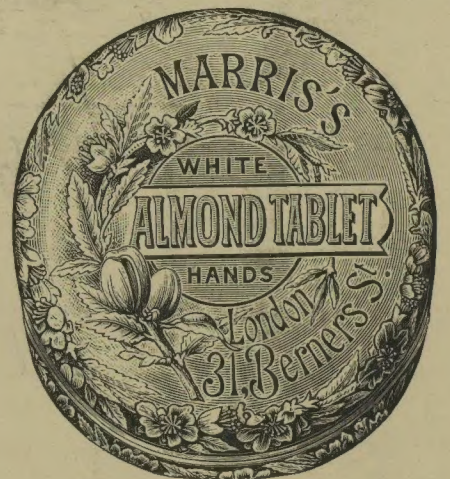
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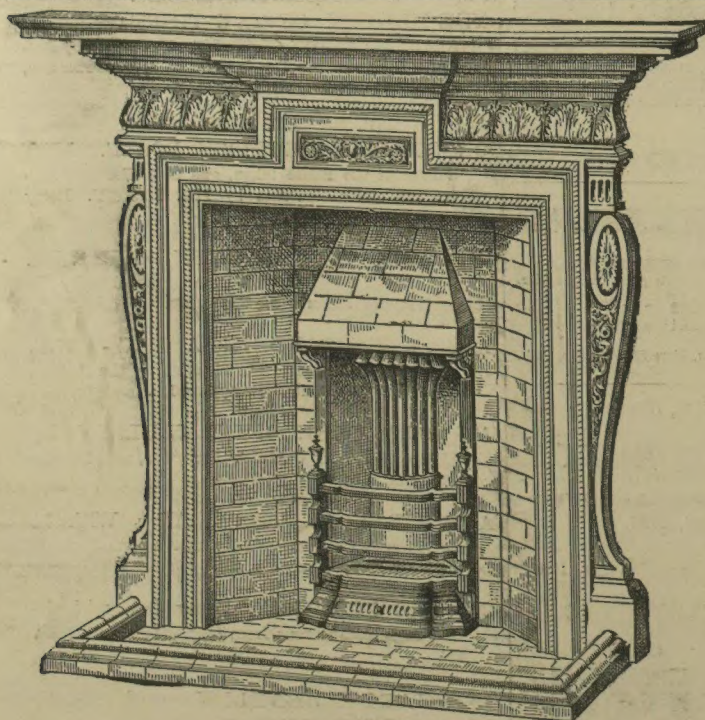
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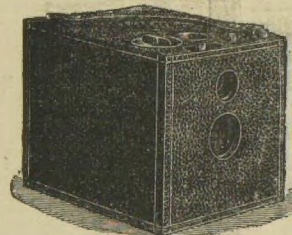
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## NEW MUSIC.

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by Charles Brighton, and another is "Doris," by George Maywood. "Dr. Jim's Ride," a quickstep march, by Alfred Lee; "The Niagara," a two-step march by Nat. D. Mann, and "The Napoleon March," by Maurice Levi, complete the list of pieces sent from this house.

In "Sleepest Thou?" Thomas Hutchinson has written a very pleasing serenade. The words are by John Muir, and there is a violin obligato to add to the attractiveness of the song. "Good-day!" by Clifton Bingham and C. Mawson-Marks, is an acceptably simple ditty; and "A Song of Tears," though not notable for great unconventionality, will be liked for its pleasing and tender melody. The words are by Edward Teschmacher and the music by Clement Locknane. These songs are all published by Bossetti and Co., from whom we have also "Les Soirées du Mandoliniste," twenty morceaux for the mandoline by

Edouard Jouve, and a book of studies for the same instrument by J. H. Ferrero.

From John B. Mullins we have three pieces for piano-forte which are chiefly remarkable for their lack of difficulty and for their simplicity of style. Two are by G. Lardelli—a "Valse Française" and a "Polish Dance," in A minor—and the other is a "Valse de Salon," by Henri Latour.

More pieces for the same instrument are issued by A. Hammond and Co. Prominent among these are the compositions of Gustave Lange, which include a melodious and graceful "Swedish Herdsman's Song," an attractive "Légende," and a plaintive elegie entitled "Dahin." "A Winter Story," by G. F. Kendall, is simple and taking; while useful for youthful pianists are the "Elementary Classics" (Book IV.) and "Cramer Studies," revised and fingered by Dr. Gordon Saunders.

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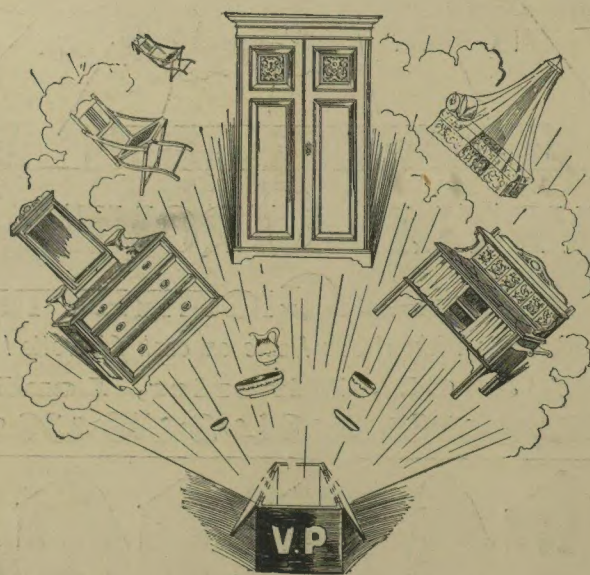
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**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1883.

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